

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

VOL. XX., No. 511.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Coquelin an Artist of Matchless Finesse and Plastic Versatility—His Theory of the Illusion of Spontaneity in Practice—The Impersonations of Mascarille and Noel Described and Critically Considered—The French Actor's Work Classed with the Mathematics of Art—The Status of Some of Our Representative Artists Judged by Coquelin's Standard—Jane Hading as Claire in Le Maître de Forges.

From the initial representation made here by M. Coquelin we are to conclude unhesitatingly that he is an artist of matchless finesse and most plastic versatility.

What he did was done with the perfection of method, and to the trained eye it was what Steele Mackaye has called "the illusion of spontaneity," something that is as distinct from spontaneity itself as a sunset is from a chromo.

It is M. Coquelin's claim that dramatic art at its best is always the illusion of spontaneity, without the spontaneity. On this basis all that he does is calculated, adjusted and perfected by the reason, the judgment and the will, and is never disturbed by any feelings of the moment.

To know just how perfect this calculated work may be made one must see Coquelin.

And it might as well be acknowledged at once that as art is always a conscious endeavor this kind of work offers us the best example of what art can do in the representative work of the stage.

He selected for his first night's performance at Palmer's Theatre the Mascarille of Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and the Noel of Mme. de Girardin's La Joie Fait Peur.

Two roles that are alike only in the fact that the personages are servants, and they are as unlike as stage skill could make them in the representation.

The principal, in fact the only scene of Molière's abbreviated sketch is that in which Mascarille, in the lace and wig of a marquis, plays upon the vanity, the susceptibility and the egotism of two silly women, with his absurd wit, his exaggerated manners and his pedantic flattery, only to be exposed and beaten in the end.

This scene was made exquisitely enjoyable by M. Coquelin. Seated at the footlights between the women, his whole range of exhibition is limited to facial and vocal lines.

When, therefore, it is said that this scene, lasting about fifteen minutes, was made one of the most amusing that an English audience ever saw, that the shallow claims of Mascarille to be a wit were suavely persuasive, even while they were transparent; his epigrams, loaded with complaisance, affectation, far-fetched gallantry and a certain heartiness of fraudulency; that his face reflected with marvellous mobility every sentiment and every impulse, and his conversation appeared to be an impromptu, it will be seen that a master of this kind of work had been present.

Molière's comedy is reduced to a one-act pasquinade, in which M. Coquelin portrays an effusive, fluctuant drollery, and a sort of costume coxcombry that are inimitable.

In the Noel of Mme. Girardin's comedy the conditions are changed.

Those of my readers who have seen Boucicault's Kerry will recall this little drama with its paternal old serving man, the confidant, advisor, friend and protector of a family of girls. It is humor of a tender and pathetic kind, quite distinct from the mingled, satire and burlesque of Molière.

One scarcely recognized Coquelin in the change. He had conformed his body, his gait, his expression and his voice to the requirements of the part. All the characteristics of the serving man, whose trivial duties no less than his mannerisms had become automatic, were instantly apparent.

The frivolous, shallow, extravagant, ebullient Mascarille had disappeared, and the bent, deliberate, crafty old servant, considerate to a degree, knowing nothing in life but his animal loyalty to Mme. Des Aubiers and her girls, took his place.

We saw here what intelligence, directed to the perfection and adjustment of details, will do.

There was no margin left for the play of impulses or feelings that might arise out of the scene itself. It had to be all done as pre-conceived; every gesture and facial expression was

cunningly calculated and flowed and fitted nicely. We saw this in the automatism of the old servant who, when most perplexed and anxious, did not intermit the avocation of years, but went about arranging the furniture like a machine. We saw it in the physical conditions. All the signs of indurated joints; of a body bent to one long line of duties; of limbs insured to one subservient form of gesture. All the deliberation of experience; all the patience of faculties no longer elastic; all the cunning of a heart given up to the narrow circle of servile affection; all the dignity and all the presumption of one who had become a necessity of the establishment and the depository of all its secrets.

No free range of emotion in all this, but a marvelously calculated demeanor that was in itself an illusion as perfect as the intelligent adjustment of means to ends can make it.

There is, however, one scene in this charm-

I mean to say that M. Coquelin's emotions, at bearing and seeing Adrien, were not emotions.

I mean to say that Dion Boucicault's were.

I mean to say that in all good acting there is an unpredictable current of genuine feeling evolved, if the heart is implicated in the work.

I mean to say that real tears, while they cannot be commanded by the volition, are commended by the sympathy.

And furthermore, that the most precious things in acting, no less than in life, are those things which bubble up like a clear spring from the inner depths of the consciousness through all the perfunctory plants of our art and sing the message of sincerity.

The real human heart that even actors take with them at times upon the stage now and then insists upon contributing a genuine beat of its own.

No audience ever mistook that pulsation for

A man who throws himself on his knees in the presence of death and appeals to the Infinite may be imitating the prayer-book.

But there is something unlike in a perishing soul and a parish clerk.

The absolute *finesse* of M. Coquelin's work belongs to the mathematics, if not strictly to the dynamics, of art.

It is art, clearly. Let us not confuse these things; for art in anything like a rational definition must be limited by conscious endeavor.

The trouble with M. Coquelin's theory is that it shuts out all those cosmic and instantaneous energies, without which art is a mere mechanician.

In this purely academic dilemma formalism is very apt to destroy freedom.

Carlyle's forcible allusion to a picture of fire that neither illumined nor warmed once or twice came to my mind when M. Coquelin was compelled to deal with emotions.

It is pertinent to say at this time that the performance at Palmer's Theatre presented all that is best in the French school. I cannot imagine the actors of any other school getting so much out of Molière, and reasonably enough no other school has such a wealth of special Molière traditions.

In praising the performance one is held firmly to what is legitimate acting. Pretentiousness of stage accompaniment was not thought of; ensemble was overlooked. Machinery was ignored. Properties were subsidiary. Costumes were correct without being impertinent. We came away thinking of the acting of Coquelin and his associates as we think of one of Pope's poems, a masterpiece of wit and adjustment, but not as we remember a chanson of Beranger's, that bubbled up out of a sad heart and went nestling somehow into all other hearts.

Jane Hading made her appearance on Tuesday night in George Ohnet's Maître de Forges.

As the Claire de Beaulieu of that much adapted piece she was a revelation of refined excellence to us all.

There is a clearly defined personal charm of character to the woman herself which has to be taken into account as well as her dramatic skill. The delicate dignity of demeanor and earnestness of intention throughout were not added by training.

Divested as the performance was of all enforced and overwrought theatrical manifestations, it nevertheless won the best encomiums from good judges of acting by its simple intensity, its naturalness of means and its evenly wrought out consistency and symmetry.

She recalled at times by her mute eloquence the best heart work of Clara Morris, and at others reminded me by her exquisite gradations of feeling of Seebach.

Those who saw The Forge Master done in English, and recalled that the actresses who appeared in it seized only upon the melodramatic situations, must have been astonished at the power of this artist to lift the minor incidents of the play into acute significance.

By far the finest scene in her treatment was that with the Forge Master on the night of their marriage, and she so vividly portrayed the womanly terror, repulsion, remorse and fright of a proud, sensitive nature that the incident took on new color and meaning.

From one study of this admirable artist I am inclined to give her credit for a good many qualities which M. Coquelin does not think it necessary for an actor to possess.

I am also disinclined to attempt doing her justice in a quick summary, for hers are merits which stimulate something of the earnestness and thoughtful care that they themselves evince.

NYM CRINKLE.

Actors' Fund Jottings.

The Board of Trustees held their regular monthly meeting on Thursday last. There were present A. M. Palmer, president; H. C. Miner, first vice-president; William Henderson, second vice-president; Harrison Grey Fiske, secretary, and Trustees Louis Aldrich, Martin W. Hanley, Edwin Knowles, Harry Watkins and E. G. Gilmore. The regular routine business was transacted. The expenditures for the month of September for relief, funerals and necessary expenses amounted to \$1,675.55. The Membership Committee reported that the receipts for membership dues for the current year to date exceeded those for a corresponding period in any previous year. The Dramatic Bureau Committee reported that the affairs of the Bureau were in a highly satisfactory condition, the volume of business transacted thus far having exceeded the utmost anticipations of its most sanguine friends, and its methods seemed to meet with the hearty approval of all concerned.

The Reading Room Committee reported that during the month of September 936 professionals had visited the Reading Room—an average of 373 a day.

The first Fund benefit this season is to be given in New York on or about Nov. 15. The Seventh Annual Reports seem to be in great demand, and are being rapidly distributed among members of the Association and the profession generally. These Reports contain the speeches delivered at the commemorative exercises of the Fund's seventh anniversary, which were held at the Madison Square Theatre last June, and can be obtained by any professional on application at the Reading Room.

The Press Club will hold its Fall reception at the club house on Thursday evening next. A number of professionals will take part in the entertainment.



CAMILLE D'ARVILLE.

ing little drama in which the actor's methods and claims may be fairly judged with something of exactitude, and where we have a good opportunity of learning how far the mechanism of the reason—if I may be allowed such an expression—is superior to the feelings of the moment.

That scene is where Noel, recalling the lost Adrien that he loved, hears his voice behind him and feels his old heart swell with a hundred sudden emotions.

At this point M. Coquelin signally failed to get above his own system.

If we had not seen Dion Boucicault in this same situation, and had not seen him transmute it for a moment with a real and tender spontaneity that came from his heart and not from his brain, we might not have detected the inadequacy of M. Coquelin.

Let me make myself understood here. Comparisons sometimes help us to compute.

an illusion. A hundred answering throbs, with instant and inscrutable magnetism, caught the tone.

For one instant Dion Boucicault in this scene really felt the joy of it.

His art for one moment let nature say something.

The self-conscious Coquelin never does.

The consequence was that his portrayal of Noel's feelings were as accurately formal as if they had been marked out with dividers and rule.

I have not a word to say against the gamut of expressions that he employed. They had all the symmetry of verified inductions. But they differed in this one spot from Boucicault's as a surveyor's line differs from a line of Browning's.

It is of no value in this argument to say that Boucicault in his Kerry simply imitated the Noel of Regnier.

It may be somewhat unjust to reach out to these general conclusions, before the French actor has fairly got over the threshold of his work here. But I think prolonged study of him will only deepen my first impressions.

His acting is like the language he speaks—admirably adapted to the manners rather than the motives of life. Full of exquisite subtleties and delicate shades. Making sentiment a matter of sagacity; budding in *mots* of action; epigrammatic in purpose; technical in beauty and a triumph of means.

A very interesting question arises as to the status of some of our best American actors, judged by Coquelin's standard. I myself think that the lamented Rufus Blake and the present Joseph Jefferson might rank with him in perfection of method, as they both surpassed him in a certain radiating and integral warmth.

But that is an after consideration.

At the Theatres.

PALMER'S THEATRE—COQUELIN.

Les Precieuses Ridicules.

Mascarille..... M. Coquelin
Jodelier..... Jean Coquelin
Gorgibus..... Deroy
Lagrange..... Borel
Du Croisy..... Remy
Premier Porteur..... Stuart
Second Porteur..... T. Huguenet
Um Violino..... Piton
Cathos..... James Patry
Madelon..... Lemercier
Marotte..... Kervich

La Joie Fait Peur.

Noel..... M. Coquelin
Adrien..... Jean Coquelin
Octave..... Kamy
Mme. Desaubiers..... Mmes. Patry
Blanche..... Stuart
Mathilde..... B. Gilbert

Among the incidents of so-called "culture" it has come to be generally admitted that the well bred man or woman of the world must possess, or display, some familiarity with modern continental languages and literature. Especially is it necessary that he should have some knowledge of spoken French. The representative of "society" who is not in condition to follow appreciatively the performances of the last importation from the French stage is usually eager to at least do homage by his presence, with as much verisimilitude and real enjoyment as the situation may comport. So, beside the phalanx of regular first-nighters, there was a goodly show of clever and well-bred people at Palmer's Theatre on Monday to welcome the first appearance of M. Constant Coquelin with his company of French comedians. Though not so crowded, so brilliant or so enthusiastic as at the debut of Mme. Bernhardt, it was an audience to be proud of, and anything like lack of warmth in appreciation may be set down rather to the circumstances than to the temper or individuality of the hearers.

For reasons best known to himself M. Coquelin chose to make his bow to the New York public unaided by his companion star, Mme. Hading. With a considerate regard, too, for presumable lack of familiarity, on the part of many of his hearers, with the contemporaneous French stage, he elected to appear in two pieces recommended rather by their evident and intelligible character than by any great or striking dramatic force.

Moliere's *Precieuses Ridicules* is an admirable skit, aimed at the grotesque affectations of the would-be-refined and literary set who dominated Parisian society during the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIV. Read by the light of a thorough acquaintance with the social and literary history of the time, it is clever and telling to a degree. Without this familiarity its wit is apt to seem cold and wire-drawn; its humor absurd to the border of the farcical. Its merit for the occasion lay in the opportunity it affords M. Coquelin for the display of one of his most finished and thoroughly studied roles—the witty and impudent valet, suborned by his master to impose on the unsophistication of two ambitious but silly mixxes from the country with a burlesque of the super refined airs and graces then in vogue among the dandies of the court. As Mascarille, M. Coquelin is now, as he has been at any time for twenty years past, simply admirable. That all his resources of voice, gesture and facial expression should be minute, subtle and delicately studied to the last point needs no assurance. He has been famous for these qualities among a troupe of artists with whom they are the prime requisites of art. That he should be outrageously farcical inheres in the situation. The character is caricature carried to the second power. The languid dandy of the period, the literary hero of the *rue de la Harpe*, who blends epigrams and impromptus and mincing exaggeration of speech with voluminous satin breeches, ruffles and perfumed gloves and cascades of lace and ribbons, is already absurd enough. When Mascarille—a low fellow, however clever—is allowed to "turn himself loose" in unrestrained burlesque of this farcical personage, sure of the admiration of his feminine auditors on the one hand and of his master on the other, the result is a bit of grotesque exaggeration of amazing proportions. But though farcical he is never vulgar, or only so much so as to delicately hint the underlying traits of the flunkey, allowed for a brief term to play the gentleman. The absolute fatuity of his conceit, the nauseous languishing of his conventional love making and the wild absurdity of his timid complacency are only excelled by the grotesqueness of his recitation—and still more of his singing—of the stupid epigram with which he enchants the foolish ears of Madelon and Cathos. But, somehow, in the broadest of his burlesque he never for an instant reminds the hearer of those unpleasant performers who carry the burden of comic operetta on our contemporary stage.

M. Coquelin was well seconded by his son as the other Marquis, Jodelier. In feature and manner the younger artist is an almost amusing copy of his father, at least in the companion role of Monday night. The subsidiary personages were acceptably rendered. As an *intermezzo* in the evening's bill, and to display one more of the qualities which have made him so popular not only on the stage, but also in Parisian society, M. Coquelin recited two of the Monologues, which, within a few years past, have become a favorite form of amusement in cultivated French circles. The first, by Coppée, "Le Naufrage," was a brief sketch in verse, recounting the remorse of an old sailor, who as a lad was cast adrift with his faithful dog in an open boat, and forced to slay his companion in self-defence. "He has

slain many a man in battle, but never with such regret." It was simply and touchingly delivered. Dancourt's "La Vie" is a humorous recital of the ills which make life not worth living, very quietly and dryly recounted, and winding up with the humorous question, as the speaker made his final bow, "whether they fancied he found this sort of thing good fun?" whereat the audience gurgled pleasantly with amusement. In response to a warm recall the artist came forward once more, with vacant face and wooden gesture, and recited Lafontaine's "Renard et Corbeau," with a droll imitation of the dialect familiar to instructors of youth from the lips of the English or American schoolboy. It was very funny.

Mme. de Girardin's comedietta, *La Joie Fait Peur*, is known to all the boarding-schools, and further popularized to American hearers in Mr. Boucicault's Irish version as *Kerry*. Viewed in the dry light of plain common sense, it is rather a silly little play, full of all sorts of stilted and conventional French gush, and handicapped with the fundamental absurdity of five or six full-grown people tormenting themselves for an hour or so to keep a bit of joyous news from a hysterical old lady for fear of fatal consequences. But it again supplies M. Coquelin with a chance for an admirable monograph in the character of the old family servant, Noel. It has been repeatedly urged in these columns that a distinguishing mark of the better European actors is their facility of impersonation—i. e., of divesting themselves of their own personal mannerisms, tricks of voice and movements, and the like, to enter completely into an individuality foreign to their own or to those which they at other times have interpreted. M. Coquelin had made his debut in a role of extravagant farcical exaggeration, a bit of what the French themselves would call *fantaisie*. His Noel is a little gem of quiet character study, as minute, sober and faithful as a cabinet picture of Vibert or Meissonier. In the silvery locks and dignified black suit of the old servant, nothing except an occasional tone of the voice, which it would be more than human to entirely change, reminded the hearer of the saucy squeak, affected chuckle and ruffling bravery of the brazen varlet in the first piece. The senile vanity and doddering fustiness, blended with the simple, native shrewdness and gentle, affectionate temper of the kindly old man were all rendered with a delicate and sympathetic fidelity which comes of subtle study, but has passed into second nature. M. Coquelin makes no "points," in the barnstormer's sense. He does not, with Mascarille, consider that the artist should "Pause at the right place; for how are we to pick out the choice verses if the actor does not stop to hint where you are to come in with your applause!" The dainty little tid-bits scattered through his lines are given just as they would be in nature, in a quiet aside, perhaps, or careless, grumbling undertone, as the old gentleman goes pottering about his work, dusting the furniture and groaningly shifting the heavy chairs and tables.

The supporting cast was satisfactory though in no sense remarkable. Mlle. Stuart gave a good bit of *ingenue* work as Blanche, and Mme. Patry was properly gentle, dignified and pathetic as the mourning mother.

La Maitre de Forges.

Philippe Deroy..... M. Duquesne
Le Duc De Wilguy..... Abel
Mouliet..... Jean Coquelin
Bachelier..... Deroy
Oreste..... Remy
Le Baron De Prefont..... Borel
Le Prefet..... Stuart
Gobert..... T. Huguenet
Le Docteur..... Theophile
Francou..... F. Huguenet
Un Domestique..... Felix
Un Ouvrier..... Boevillais
Claire De Beaulieu..... Mmes. Jane Hading
Albena..... B. Gilbert
La Baronne De Beaulieu..... Lemercier
La Marquise De Beaulieu..... James Patry
Suzanne..... Kervich

On Tuesday night Mme. Jane Hading made her long expected American debut in the role of Claire de Beaulieu in *Obnet's Maitre de Forges*, created by her, as the programme assures us, at the Paris Gymnase. Her first appearance on the stage was not greeted with the same outburst of applause as that of M. Coquelin, partly for the reason that it was some moments before the greater part of the audience became aware that she was there at all. Their appreciation grew as the piece went on and the applause was at all later points warm and hearty.

Mme. Hading is a tall, willowy and graceful woman, with a sympathetic and expressive rather than beautiful face, and a personality which, with rather less comeliness, continually suggests Mrs. James Brown Potter. Her voice is rather light and thin with slight volume or sonority, and she has, in medium passages little variety of inflexion and in animated moments a hasty and rather unclear utterance. In movement she is graceful, easy, and on occasion very dignified and even statuesque.

As seen on Tuesday she might be summed up at once as a clever, thoroughly trained actress of a pleasing, gentle nature, and much capacity for the expression of emotion, but without a spark of that specific thing called genius, which stamps the great artist. She pleases with her conscientious and skillful work, but it is skillful work still. She at no moment *empoigne* her hearers. She does not grasp and carry them away with that feeling of helpless surrender which only a magnetic nature inspires. She is an uneven actress. Her action and delivery lack shading and gradation. Her strongest point is in her passages of agitated intensity, and she is apt to abuse the method by rushing to her *fortissimo* with un-

due liberality and in a hasty and spasmodic manner.

The role of the haughty Claire de Beaulieu, case-hardened in caste feeling, and melting from her icy pride slowly, gradually, and at the touch of a consuming passion, is one which calls for most delicate shading, and the expression of emotion by subtle and scarcely evident signs. In this regard Mme. Hading does not appear very strong. Her gamut has comparatively few notes, and excludes the semitones. Hardly ever does she impress her auditors with the conviction of inner passion or suffering perceptible to them, while presumably unheeded by those about her. In short, as already sufficiently indicated, Mme. Hading, on the hearing of Tuesday night, appears to be a skilful, pleasing and well trained actress, but hardly a magnetic or a great one. On this judgment it will be pleasant to return if later experiences should warrant it.

M. Duquesne, the Derby of the evening, made a very stately and impressive, if a trifle melodramatic, Forgemaster. He has the fault, common to many French actors not of the first rank, of declaiming his lines, in emotional passages, in a high-pitched and rather monotonous key, which savors more of convention than of real feeling or a delicate appreciation of his text. He is, however, a forceful actor, and earned well-deserved applause for his intensity in the agitated fourth act.

The rest of the cast were highly acceptable, but no one emerged at all from the general level of satisfactory mediocrity. It may be stated, however, as a detail of no mean importance, that they dress well; and the troupe numbers two or three decidedly pretty women.

There are certain comic operas which are not handicapped by age nor hampered by change in theatrical taste. Of these Nanon still retains a large share of public favor, and its revival by the Carleton Opera company at the Grand Opera House last Monday evening afforded genuine entertainment to a large and enthusiastic audience. William T. Carleton sang with the same artistic excellence and acted in the same manner that characterizes all of his operatic roles. He is so much at home as the Marquis D'Aubigne, which was his original part at the Casino, that the wheels of action and vocal roudades move with the regularity of well oiled machinery.

Claire Lane was a delightful Nanon. In addition to vocal qualifications for the role she possesses a petite figure and piquant personality that enable her to impart a charming ingenuous archness to the hostess of the Golden Lamb. Alice Vincent, on the other hand, has nothing of the soubrette about her, simply because she does not happen to be "built that way." Miss Vincent is moulded in the heroic measure, and left the impression that the beauty of Ninon De L'Enclos must have carried great weight at the court of Louis XIV. Unlike other "stage beauties," however, she has learnt how to sing and act, and earned an encore in the second act.

Charles H. Drew as the Marquis De Marillac and Jay C. Taylor as Hector were fairly entertaining, while J. K. Murray as the Abbé sang the ecclesiastic version in the last act in a manner that greatly pleased the audience. The chorus was well drilled, the costumes were becoming and the grouping picturesque. Next week Alone in London.

Casper the Yodler was the attraction on Monday night at H. R. Jacobs' Thalia Theatre. The audience crowded every part of the house. The performance of the role of Casper (which in its general style resembles Emmet's Fritz) by Charles T. Ellis was eminently satisfactory. Natural, easy and sympathetic, the clever and versatile actor wins upon his audience through the perfect development of the sentiment of the play which is crystallized in one of Casper's lines, "I vos at home mit der schilidrens, ain't it?"

Charles F. McCarthy's Irish footman, Patrick McGillicuddy, was sufficiently lively, vigorous and amusing, though, it must be said, somewhat noisy and overdrawn. C. E. Bunell played Sir Robert Swanton intelligently. Joseph Redmond gave a discreetly moderate interpretation to the part of Jack Harper. Nicholas Nettle was played by Frank Jamieson. It is a repulsive role, meritoriously acted. Clara Baker Rust played Mary Swanton with pathetic and emotional power, but unfortunately marred an otherwise fine performance by an overconsciousness of self, which found expression in an undue amount of staccato attitudinizing. Nellie Wright played Mabel Travers conscientiously, but without color. Clara Moore was clever and vivacious as the Irish servant, Lettie Lennon. Morning Lark and Emil were respectively played by Tonina and Lilly Adams very pleasingly. Next week, *The Wages of Sin*.

Monte Cristo, Jr., with Corinne in the title role, entered upon its second week at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night. An audience, which completely filled the theatre, testified to the popularity of this attraction on the East side.

On next Monday H. R. Jacobs' Lights of London company will begin a two weeks' engagement.

Alone in London, familiar to most of the large audience present, was presented at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night. Ada Dwyer, as Nan, proved herself an acceptable

successor to Cora Tanner, and quickly won the hearts of her audience. C. G. Craig, as the adventurer, Richard Redcliffe, as speedily won their contempt, which they were not slow in expressing. Frank L. Davis, as John Biddlecomb, the Suffolk miller, was very clever, and the balance of the cast perfectly capable of filling the parts allotted to them. The piece was well mounted.

Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Messrs. Lewis, Drew, Clarke and Bond were welcomed home by a large and fashionable audience at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday night. They appeared in *The Lottery of Love*, a version of *Les Surprises du Divorce*, which is a new shuffle of the old pack of cards, in which the proverbial mother-in-law and a husband and widower are trumps. The piece has no plot to speak of. It is a refined absurdity. Miss Rehan has an inconsequential part, Messrs. Drew and Lewis are amusingly placid, and Kitty Cheatham makes an agreeable change from comic opera to comedy.

Lord Chumley is playing to standing room almost every night at the Lyceum. Mr. Sothern has a gold-mine in the piece and so has Manager Frohman. The performance is altogether delightful and diverting.

The statement that *The Quick or the Dead* is to be superseded by *That Girl From Texas* during Estelle Clayton's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre is premature. The management state that no change of bill is contemplated. The drama has been compressed and altered considerably, and some changes in the cast are expected to render the performance more effective.

This (Thursday) evening Nadjy will be given for the 150th time at the Casino. The last week of this pretty little opera's run finds the theatre crowded nightly. On Wednesday evening next Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeoman of the Guard* will have its first American production. The event will draw a notable assemblage, as the performance is anticipated as the most important comic opera event of the year.

Mathias Sandorf will finish its career at Niblo's on Saturday. Next week, *The Stowaway* will be brought out with realistic scenery and all the necessary adjuncts of a British melodrama.

Cora Tanner is still attracting good-sized houses to the Fourteenth Street Theatre with *Fascination*. The engagement has two weeks more to run.

Katti closes on Saturday at the Bijou. Next week, *A Brass Monkey*.

Waddy Googan maintains an uninterrupted career of prosperity at the Park. Mr. Harrigan's versatile acting is uniformly admired. The public will have the opportunity of enjoying this piece for many weeks to come.

Philip Herne is playing to large houses at the Standard. Standing-room only has been the legend several nights. Next Monday Frederick Paulding assumes Joseph Haworth's role, the latter retiring.

A *Legal Wreck* goes along swimmingly at the Madison Square. Miss Graves has retired from the part of Edith on account of illness. In other respects the representation is unchanged.

A Dark Secret, with its big tank, is doing an excellent business at the People's.

Harry Brandon is the sensation at Dockstader's. His singing is delightful. The rest of the performance is strikingly meritorious.

Zig Zag has made such a hit at the Star that we are likely to have it here again for a run later in the season. Next week Lydia Thompson and her burlesque party will be seen at this theatre.

The Broadway Theatre will replace *The Kaffir Diamond* on Monday next with Mr. Gunter's dramatization of his popular tale, "Mr. Barnes of New York."

The Old Homestead continues to crowd the Academy and give undiluted delight to its visitors.

Dr. Houghton's Anniversary.

It is pleasing to chronicle that the fortieth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton in the Church of the Transfiguration, universally known as the Little Church Around the Corner, which occurred last Sunday, was largely attended by professionals. Dr. Houghton preached the anniversary sermon in the morning, in which he briefly referred to the funeral services over George Holland, which was the occurrence that made Dr. Houghton and his church famous.

A number of prominent professionals greeted the venerable rector after the service. The quaint, picturesque little church is capable of containing a larger assemblage than one would suppose from its exterior, and it has a larger number of free pews than many of the imposing church edifices adorning the metropolis. The friends of this, the largest little church in New York, responded to the ordinary silver

collection by heaping the plate with bank notes.

Regarding the termination of the season of His Royal Highness company, Tellus Evans states that it was caused by the combination of a poor play, bad business and wretched management. "Jacques Kruger, James O. Barrows and myself," she says, "were received favorably everywhere by press and public, but our efforts, conscientious as they were, proved of no avail. I am now engaged by Charles Frohman for Hayman and Gillette's *She to play Ustane*, a part which I created in America, the San Francisco production of that play in which I appeared being the first on record."

Jake Rosenthal writes that Manager John Havlin has no intention of suing him for breach of contract. "Mr. Fennessy," he says, "broke the contract by refusing to furnish railroad tickets for the company to come to Cincinnati, and had I not represented Mr. Havlin in New York and secured some of the best attractions on the road for both his houses in St. Louis and Cincinnati Fennessy would not have sued. It is purely a piece of spite work, which R. E. J. Miles and John Havlin, the two leading managers in Cincinnati, can vouch for."

CASINO. Broadway and 39th Street. Manager Mr. Rudolph Aronson. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

to Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents. Reserved seats, 50c. and 1st extra. Boxes, \$2, \$10, \$15, \$20. The Sparkling Comic Opera in three acts, entitled

NADJY.

Great Cast. Chorus of 65. Orchestra of 26. MAGNIFICENT NEW COSTUMES, SCENERY, &c.

Oct. 17—Gilbert and Sullivan's *YEOMAN OF THE GUARD*; or *THE MERRY MAN AND HIS MAID*.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Avenue. Sole Manager Mr. J. W. ROSENQUEST.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

CORA TANNER CORA TANNER In Robert Fuchman's society comedy, *FASCINATION*.

A Beautiful Production. Gallery 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1., \$1.50.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave and 33d St. DANIEL FROHMAN, Manager. Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2. Special Matinees on Wednesdays.

Second Month. E. H. SOTHERN and Mr. Frohman's Comedy Company is the new play by De Mille and Belasco, *LORD CHUMLEY*.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. Broadway and 90th Street. LEO DOCKSTADER, Manager. Sole Manager.

THE HOME OF SABLE COMEDY AND MELODY. MASTER HARRI.

THE MALE PATTI. Evenings, 8:30; Sat. mat., 2:30. Reserved seats, 50c.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Teed Air. Mr. A. M. Palmer. Sole Manager.

Gillette's Delightful Comedy, *A LEGAL WRECK*.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN, Proprietor. Mr. W. HANLEY, Manager.

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN In his new local play, *WADDY GOOGAN*.

New music and original songs by Mr. DAVID BRAHAM. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. Prices, 25c., 50c., \$1. and \$1.50.

H. R. JACOBS' (Thalia) OLD FASHIONED THEATRE. (Bowery below Canal).

Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THIS WEEK CHARLES T. ELLIS CASPER THE YODLER.

Oct. 15—H. R. JACOBS' *WAGES OF SIN* CO.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE THEATRE. Corner 3rd Street.

THE POPULAR THEATRE OF NEW YORK.

Second and last week of CORINNE.

WED & SAT. MONTE CRISTO, JR. Oct. 15—H. R. JACOBS' *LIGHTS O' LONDON*.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway near 30th St. J. W. ROSENQUEST, Lessee and Manager.

The London Comedy Success, *KATTI, THE FAMILY HELP*.

With MARIETTA NASH.

And an Excellent Comedy. Gallery, 25c.; reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1., \$1.50.

Oct. 15—A BRASS MONKEY V.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery near Canal Street.

FRANK B. MURTHA, Sole Proprietor.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

Robert Buchanan's Great Emotional Melodrama.

ALONE IN LONDON.

Matinee—WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. FRENCH.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

CARLETON OPERA CO.

Next Week—ALONE IN LONDON.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Broadway, 4th Street and 5th Avenue. Manager, Mr. FRANK W. SANGER.

Handsome and Safe Theatre in the World. Evenings at 8; Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c. 1st, 75c., 2nd, 50c., 3rd, 25c. Monday Oct. 15, *CLARA* in the romantic play, *GUETER'S* world wide level. MR. LOUIS ALDICH. MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. SECOND WEEK. ESTELLE CLAYTON.

THE QUICK OR THE DEAD. Starting Ghost Effect. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

The Giddy Gusher.



I always thought I needed a monkey more than a hand-organ ever did, and when Mason Mitchell arrived in town the other day from a flying trip to South America, to my delight he brought me a lovely little ringtailed monkey of remarkable intelligence and pretty fair education. My time is now devoted to developing Mr. Monk.

You know, or you should know by this time, how thoroughly I go in for every new pet. I give my whole mind to 'em, and so I am making Winter clothes for my last acquisition, teaching him, feeding him, tending him, and I wouldn't wonder if I wrote a play for him and tried to star him in it.

Bless the monkey! He is a darling. If Darwin hadn't got in ahead of me I'd fill THE MIRROR with a new discovery of man's origin. He leans up against one as a kitten does against an oven door till he's as warm as toast and feels vitality enough to go and get into mischief. He kisses the hand that holds the succulent chicken-bone till he gets it, when he whips to the top of a door, shows his teeth and swears at you in the choicest language at his command.

He has a literary turn of mind. I caught him on the piano looking at Amelie Rives' picture in that red flannel story, "The Quick or the Dead," from which the quickly dead drama of Miss Clayton was taken.

I left him one minute and returned to find every leaf but one torn out and he whistling like a blackbird in the midst of the wreck.

One of the funniest episodes of my eventful career with animals was his introduction to the dogs. Noble Perkins, who lets any little beast hector him, sniffed him and licked him hospitably; old Scotty viewed him as an eccentric rat with an abnormal tail and went for him viciously; Nell and Jenny, the fox-terriers, danced round him in great glee, but the philosophic tramp, Smut, sat down and studied him. For hours he never took his eyes off the monkey and finally my South American guest got mad. He threw such articles as he had on his perch beside him at the dog. Smut never budged. Finally Monk came down to a table where someone had been taking a bit of lunch. He grabbed a little glass pepper-box, and instead of throwing the whole business at his tormentor began shaking a shower of pepper on his guardian's head. One minute more Smut was coughing, sneezing, yelping with the pepper tick on his long yellow hair, and the monkey, rising superior to the adverse circumstances surrounding him, was chattering his delight on the top of a door.

He arrived here in a chaste combination garment, something like the much-talked-of chemiloon of the reform dress women—a pair of panties prettily merged into a shirt at top, all in one piece.

It was of gingham, and as it grew cooler I put him into a jacket of quilted crimson satin. Yesterday I threw out of a box his traveling suit of gingham. In a second he caught it up, put one arm into one pants leg and wrapped the rest of it round his neck, looking up invitingly, as much as to say, "Let's go call on Mason Mitchell—I'm dressed for visiting."

Chico is a great comfort, and his pleasant society makes up for the loss of a late friend. His conversation, like the other fellow's, consists entirely in eulogizing himself and anathematizing others. He isn't satisfied more than fifteen minutes with anything that happens to him, and he's got twenty-five minds in a minute on every subject he tackles.

Speaking of animals I spent a delightful day last week with the Grey and Stephens' dogs over in Brooklyn.

I've known the proprietors of those noble creatures many years and watched their growing fortunes and popularity with affectionate interest. Twelve years ago Mr. Stephens gave a half hour show in variety halls with two dogs, Romeo and Zip. In company with Al Phillips he struggled through some tough seasons. Finally, after a discouraging engagement, the two men and the two dogs walked from Murfreesboro, Tenn., to Louisville, Ky., and just about ten miles outside the city concluded to part company—the one going East, the other remaining to tempt fortune in the farther West.

They divided all their worldly goods, wardrobe, shillings and dogs, though both belonged entirely to Stephens; and even to pipes and to baccho they shared and shared alike. Romeo headed away with Stephens, while Phillips and Zip set their faces in the opposite direction.

They bore up manfully together, but once Phillips was out of sight Stephens sat down on a rock and spent one of the most miserable hours of his life. Tired and weary the poor

showman made a little bundle of his clothes, fed Romeo nobly with the commissary department, gave him the bundle to carry and in a dejected state of mind set off once more. He trudged on for hours, deep in thought, when he missed Romeo. He whistled and called with no avail, and, convinced that luck had entirely deserted him, he found a tolerably comfortable spot and entered on a needed rest.

Toward morning joyful and familiar barks awakened him. There each side of him sat Romeo and Zip—no bundle; in the happiness of restored companionship the wardrobe of the master had been cast aside. But Stephens in his pleasure forgave the untrustworthiness of his four-footed comrades. The combination took heart, new courage and fresh strength. The next engagement was successful, and from that day Stephens got on.

The little sketches he had played with the dogs enlarged till they filled the requirements of an evening's entertainment. To Romeo and Zip he added the three splendid St. Bernards—Prince, Victor and Bruno—a fine trick dog called the General, and a bull dog, who is a howling comedian the instant he sights the rear of a pair of pants.

With a half-dozen sensational plays, the services of his partner, Minnie Oscar Grey, and a good working company, Mr. Stephens has made a pretty fortune in the last few years.

His dogs are something wonderful. They do all and more than the celebrated dogs of other combinations, and the last season Mr. Stephens has put his efforts out to educate the beautiful animals in something better than the old-style business of taking the seize, ringing bells, untying bound heroes and digging out snow-bound heroines. The companion of his poor days, the lamented Zip, is represented to day by a clever son, who does all but talk.

Mr. Stephens is an ambitious man. He intends to run his dogs into a higher sphere of usefulness, and to present them to audiences in really high-class plays and play-houses. To this end he has taught the animals some astonishing business that will delight every one.

He has a play in which a desperate and prodigal son seeks to rob his father. The old man is late at night hovering by the disgraced hearth, poring over the news of his son's rascality. He sums up his sorrow by saying that in his old age he is left without a son or a friend. As he drops the letter he has been reading and exclaims that he is friendless, the splendid trio of dogs rise from beside the fire and reproachfully lay their heads one on each shoulder and one on his knees. I'll bet that natural little bit of dumb love will move an audience to sudden tears.

They do it at the dropping of the letter, and only need Mr. Stephens' guiding tone at the wing as their cue for action.

Again, after a feeling acknowledgment of his forgetfulness of their attachment, the old man leaves on the rug before the fire one of the dogs as watchful guardian of the premises, alluding to bolts and bars in a disparaging manner when measured by dogs, the lights are out and, by the ruddy glow of the grate, the audience sees the son enter and attempt the robbery of the library safe. From the rug the dog rises, intently watches every action, climbs carefully to his feet and moves in and out as the son changes his position, never taking his eyes off the intruder till, as the safe opens with a snap, the dog, with a voice like distant thunder, springs and throws his man to the ground.

This doesn't sound very much in the telling, but to see the stealthy crawl of that animal, to watch him with his paw set, his legs bent for a spring, his head down, his eyes never leaving their object—why, it's a stunning situation, and gives one the creeps with the almost human intelligence that animates the action.

To one of these dogs Stephens says carelessly, "I want a chair, a paper and a smoke." He pays no more attention to the dog and proceeds to take off his coat and hat. The chair is drawn forward, the paper brought, put on the table and, as he turns to seat himself, the dog stands with a cigar box in his mouth as rigid as a bronze dog beside it.

Another dog will be taking a nap at a distance when a little child is put in a cradle by the fire. He walks over, sits down beside the cradle, puts a paw on the rocker, and gently moves the cradle. There is a sudden burst of flame from a brand that is supposed to have fallen, Mr. Dog drags the cradle straight across the room and barks like mad.

Mr. Stephens has introduced these things into a really good play translated from the French, and another year it will be a fashionable thing to go see Prince Victor and Bruno in domestic drama.

I don't think I saw any mention of it at the time, but a few months ago, when Stephens' old comrade, Phillips, died, the Actors' Fund took charge of the funeral for Mr. Phillips was in poor circumstances. Mr. Stephens went round to see his friend and said: "I want to do the last thing I can for my poor old partner. Let me give him all the wardrobe he needs on this his last journey."

And Mr. Stephens sent the coffin and the garments in which poor Phillips took his departure for the other side.

There's a champagne feeling in the air. The frosty fingers of the Fall are touching up the windy tree tops with russet and gold, with purple and crimson, until the woods look like distant cities on fire. The squirrels and I are stirring the fallen leaves for the glistening little brown chestnut. Resounding, echoing, noises are heard overhead, as the clubs of the urchins tear through the branches.

From street windows, as you pass, the boiler making sounds of hammering stove-pipes and swearing at dampers and defective flues announce that Winter is once more upon us.

The thoughts of man and the hearts of woman are centred on overcoats and reeling sealskins. The Summer is over and these inspiring Fall days are flying.

I don't want to work while I can play. I don't feel like writing when I can ride and walk among the beautiful sights of this loveliest of seasons. Spring is more beautiful overhead, but the roads are beastly, and to a tramp like myself that's a drawback. So Autumn has my vote as well as Frances Cleveland.

Let me say if any manager wants the services of an ambitious, good little girl who has evinced much cleverness in small parts with traveling companies, he can address Mary Curran, in care of THE MIRROR office. She is young, modest, pretty and painstaking, and she has the endorsement of

THE GIDDY GUSHER

P. S.—More money for the Baker Teapot Fund.

Mrs. C. T. Haswell.....	\$1.00
K. D. Price, London, Eng.....	4.00
D. H. Harkins, London, Eng.....	3.00
Antonio Pastor.....	3.00
Mrs. W. G. Jones.....	2.00
Harry Hank.....	2.00
Daisy Temple.....	2.00
Fanny Cohen.....	1.00
Lois Fuller.....	5.00

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Sept. 27.

As I anticipated, the Drury Lane Romance of 1588 otherwise entitled The Armada, turned out to possess many features in common with Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Angiolo Robson Selons' prize drama, True to the Core, which was produced at the Surrey by Shepherd and Creswick in 1866. Much of this resemblance was no doubt unavoidable, owing to the nature of the subject, and I have no intention of accusing Messrs. Harris and Hamilton of plagiarism in this regard. In another respect, also, they must be held equally blameless. "Westward Ho!" and True to the Core are both intensely dramatic and full of human interest. No one can accuse the authors of The Armada of having copied these qualities, for their show is about as unwieldy, invertebrate, lumbering a piece of work as I have ever seen, but as a show, or rather a succession of stage pictures, it is simply the finest thing of its kind ever seen upon Drury Lane stage—and higher praise it would be impossible to give.

The plot of The Armada, such as it is, may be told in half-a-dozen lines. A Spanish Don, who has been wrecked on the coast of Devonshire, is saved by Farmer Tilney, and, of course, falls in love with Farmer Tilney's daughter Sybil, but also, of course, she loves Vyvyan Foster, a British seaman, who is true to the core. The wicked Don kidnaps Sybil and carries her away to Spain, where, finding his amorous entreaties unavailing, he denounces Sybil to the Inquisition as a heretic and a witch. Meanwhile Vyvyan and his gallant mariners have followed in pursuit, and demand from the Alcalde of Cadiz the release of Sybil. The Alcalde and Co. attempt to arrest Vyvyan on board his own ship. Each member of Vyvyan's crew being more than a match for many Spaniards, the enemy is soon flogged, and the Alcalde, to save his own life, has to confess to Vyvyan that the Invincible Armada is about to start to conquer England. "Oh, indeed!" says Vyvyan. "My inclination prompts me to remain at Cadiz and rescue Sybil. My duty says, 'Up anchor and away to England!' to warn my Queen of her danger. What is to be done?" Vyvyan opts for duty, and in about ten seconds his anchor is up and he aways for England and home, leaving beauty behind in Cadiz. Queen Elizabeth, attired with archaeological accuracy, has meanwhile been dancing a pavane at Greenwich, when Vyvyan suddenly rushes in, like a Devonshire shan van vogt, to explain that the Spanish are on the sea. Betsy never turns a hair, but gives orders for the enlistment of volunteers forthwith. By and bye the Armada and the English fleet fight desperately off Calais. The Armada consists of monstrous structures about the size of genteel villa residences, with four tiers of guns which belch forth flame and thunder at frequent intervals. The English fleet consists of a lot of little ships (mostly on the back-cloth) and a couple of practical vessels that wheel and turn and turn again and give their Spanish adversary beans, to the huge delight of the Drury Lane audience. The smoke and the smell of gunpowder have barely cleared away when the curtain rises again—this time upon the dungeons of the Inquisition, where all manner of torture is in full blast. Sybil is condemned to perish at the auto da fe to-morrow. After a comic carpenter's scene to allow of the necessary preparations, the best picture of the piece is presented. In the Grand Plaza the crowd is assembled awaiting the arrival of the victim. On one side is the stake with the fignits piled around. Opposite is the dais of the Grand Inquisitor. Enter twelve monks in white frocks and black cowls wearing long grey beards and singing a penitential psalm; then follow a cross-bearer, the Grand Inquisitor, two familiars of the Holy Office, all in black from top to toe, with only their eyes visible; Sybil in a yellow san-benito, painted all over with flames and devils with cap to match, and bearing a big lighted taper in her right hand;

a couple of torturers with the implements of their trade, and a company of halberdiers with gigantic "partisans." Sybil faints, but is picked up by the torturers and is dragged to the stake, to which she is bound by chains. "Let fire be put to the pile," says the Grand Inquisitor in a terrible voice. Sybil craves a moment's kind indulgence to make some remarks about the blessed sun, the pretty cottage in Devonshire, her white-haired father and her sweetheart, Vyvyan. These being ended, the Grand Inquisitor again orders the torturers to light up. Just as they are about to apply the torch an English hurrah is heard, and Vyvyan and twelve English sailors rush in and kill the wicked Don, upset the Grand Inquisitor, floor the entire Spanish army and vanquish Sybil in less time than it takes to tell it. After this nothing remains but for Vyvyan Foster to go to Whitehall and receive a royal reward, and finally for Queen Elizabeth to solemnly proceed to Old St. Paul's to make thanksgiving for the triumph of the English arms.

I have omitted mention of "The Game of Bowls at Plymouth Hoe." This is merely a tableau introduced in front of the third act by Fame (as Chorus), who give off certain patriotic sentiments and then departs to be seen no more. The tableau is a representation of Seymour Lucas' picture, and is not a bad thing in its way, but better have been left undone, even though it were twice as good as it really is, because it stops the action and still further lengthens an inordinately long piece. On Saturday night The Armada lasted from half-past seven till a quarter to twelve. In a place like London, where a very large proportion of playgoers have to catch tram-cars, trains and omnibuses to reach their distant suburban homes, that way madness lies. Since the first night Harris has wisely cut out about three-quarters of an hour, and The Armada goes all the better for the compression. A good play it never can be, for the construction is faulty, the interest weak, and the dialogue puerile, but the stage pictures are really and truly good enough to draw all London, and I shall be disappointed if they fail to do so.

Harry Nicholls, a popular low comedian, has a very fat part as a cockney "prentice, and his nineteenth century Elizabethanism is ex-cruciatingly funny. Winifred Emery makes a pretty but uninteresting heroine. Ada Neilson is a sufficiently imposing Queen Bess. Leonard Boyne is tolerable as the sailor hero. Henry Loraine, E. R. Fitzdavis and Victor Stevens show to advantage in subordinate parts. But otherwise the acting is as invertebrate as the plot.

The Spy, a clever little one-act piece by Cecil Raleigh, part author of The Great Pink Pearl and The Pointsman, was put on at the Comedy on Friday night in front of Uncle and Aunt, with a fair measure of success, which would probably have been greater had the author elected to make a happy ending instead of bringing down the curtain on the death of his heroine—a proceeding most abhorrent to the average English playgoer. The scene is laid in a little town somewhere in the Vosges, wherein a part of the French army lately defeated at Leipsic are shut up, besieged by Austrians and Bavarians. Somehow the enemy get information of all the French general's plans, and the Lady Adrienne is suspected and denounced. She flies for shelter to Mère Michaud's cottage, where she is taken in and cared for by the faithful peasant girl, Lizette. Mère Michaud is old and blind, but she hates aristocrats with all the fervour of a Red Republican. Suspecting that Adrienne is concealed in the house, she goes to the general and denounces the girl. Meanwhile Mère Michaud's son, Antoine, who has joined the Bavarian army, is agonized by the thought that Adrienne, whom he loves is in danger. At great risk he passes through the lines and comes to his mother's cottage, where he is welcomed by Lizette, who loves him devotedly and imagines her love is returned. When poor Lizette discovers that Antoine loves the lady, her grief is terrible, but she hides her feelings. Presently Antoine goes to sleep. A French officer enters to search for the spy, whose punishment is decreed to be death. Lizette knows that if the house is searched Antoine will be discovered and his life will be forfeit. She does not hesitate long. "I am she whom you seek, monsieur," says she to the officer, and she is led forth to execution. Antoine and Adrienne rushing to the cottage window at that moment see a woman with bandaged eyes standing in the square outside ready to receive her doom. A rattle of musketry is heard and the curtain falls.

This is really an artistic bit of work, but true art is not always appreciated. A more serious fault in The Spy is the portentous length of the dialogue. When this is cut it will go all the better. Miss Vane Featherstone—a young lady light comedian—played Lizette with an emotional power and an artistic finish which surprised even her warmest admirers. Otherwise the cast does not call for mention. Uncles and Aunts continue to go well at this theatre, and has now more than ever become a peg upon which to hang the grimaces and grotesqueries of Mr. Panley.

Sugden, the actor, who was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for contempt of court, did not, it appears, go to prison after all—at least, not at the time appointed. It is said that they were a bit crowded on the first-class misdeameant side of Holloway, and asked him to wait a week. This seems strange, but stranger still is the notion that they really did take Sugden's word to give himself up when called upon.

The new Court Theatre at Chelsea, which opened with befitting eclat and some noise on Monday, is outwardly of the domestic Flemish-cum-English School-Board order of architecture, but the interior is as pretty an arrangement in white and gold as one could wish to see. The space at disposal was very limited, but of course the most has been made of it—principally in the interests of "the classes," as opposed to "the masses," seeing that though the seating accommodation is for something less than 800 all told, no fewer than 170 of these seats are stalls at half a guinea each. Other "best parts" are allotted in like proportion, and at a rough guess I should say that the half-crown pit and the shilling gallery combined seat considerably less than 400. The "noise" above alluded to at one time threatened to cause serious trouble. The approaches to the pit and gallery are small and inconvenient, and the crowd of would-be "inaugurators" was large and impatient. Hence there were some ugly rushes. Several women were

squeezed the wrong way, and several enterprising individuals got in without paying. When the audience got inside its troubles were not ended. There were no programmes for pit and gallery for a long time, but there was considerable wet paint and harmful unnecessary whitewash. So the groundlings and the Olympian deities were alike cross and disagreeable, and for a long time refused to allow the first piece to proceed, and when a beginning was at length made the bulk of the piece was gone through in dumb show to the evident distress of the artists and the consternation of the management.

This first piece was entitled Hermine, an original trifle in one act, by Charles Thomas. The period is 1798 and the scene France. Hermine is a charming young "ci devant" in reduced circumstances. She loves and is beloved by Pierre, a well-to-do young plebeian, but her cousin, the Vicomte, claims her hand. The Directory wants men, and the Conscription (it is stated) claims every male under twenty-five years of age. The Vicomte is over twenty-five. So is Pierre, but there is a mistake in the register which lets him out. Pierre being a patriot (and fancying he has no chance with Mlle. Hermine) writes to the maire to explain. Anon, when Hermine's grandfather accepts him as Hermine's future husband, Pierre thinks he won't send his letter, and tears it up. But the Vicomte finds the pieces and writes to the maire himself, whereby Pierre is captured as a conscript, and about to be sent to the wars. Presently, stung by his cousin's taunts, the Vicomte offers himself as a substitute for Pierre, and (presumably) goes to the wars in his stead. Eric Lewis as the Vicomte, Sydney Brough as Pierre, and Florence Wood as Hermine, all showed to advantage. Florence, a good-looking, vivacious young lady, is the daughter of Mrs. John, and she showed considerable pluck and self-possession under the trying circumstances in which she was placed.

Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Les Surprises du Divorce is an excellent piece of work in many ways, but will chiefly be remembered in that it is probably the first time on record that a play comparatively "innocent" in its original French has become "suggestive" in the process of adaptation for the English stage. This, of course, grows out of the difference between the divorce law of the two countries. In France, "cruelty" is sufficient; in England, adultery also is required. When Bisson and Mars' play was put on at the Royalty last April, with Coquelin as the husband, I described the plot to MIRROR readers, so need not go over the ground again now. It is enough to say that the adultery tap has been turned on with a sufficiently delicate hand, and that any young lady may take her mother to see Mamma with perfect safety. Hare plays Pontifex, the perplexed husband, with much dry humor and artistic finish. What Mrs. John Wood could make of the terrible mother-in-law, Mrs. Jaunaway, may be imagined. Her appearance in tights and short muslin skirts, as La Sylphide, was distinctly precious. Pontifex meets a young lady without an umbrella in a shower of rain. He offers her his umbrella, and taking her into a confectioner's gives her a bun and a glass of milk. As they come out they are perceived by Mrs. Jaunaway, who uses the knowledge thus obtained to put the screw on Pontifex and, under her expansive imagination, the bun and the glass of milk swell, until they annul the dimensions of supper in a private room of the Cafe Royal. Hence the first divorce comes perfectly easy. Pontifex's second essay at matrimony is made with the young lady whom he took into the bun shop. Bye-and-bye when her father marries the late Mrs. Pontifex and turns up with the terrible Mrs. Jaunaway en suite, the horror of Pontifex was expressed by Hare with such inimitable humor that the house roared again. The second divorce is obtained on lines exactly similar to the first, except that old Henniker (Pontifex's father-in-law) compromised himself in Brussels instead of London. The dialogue is bright and incisive and the piece was well but not so warmly received as it would have been but for the circumstances detailed earlier. Arthur Cecil, as old Henniker, had a good part and made the most of it. Miss Filippi and Miss Annie Hughes were delightful as the wives, and Eric Lewis and Charles Groves were satisfactory as the young master and the old uncle respectively. Mrs. John Wood was a trifle too boisterous, but was genuinely funny. She had much to make her nervous, and all will play ever so much better a fortnight hence. At the finish Mrs. Wood made a shrewd and sensible little speech, in the course of which she announced that her next production would be a piece by Pinero.

A strangely arranged and incomplete four-act drama, written by a Miss U. Burford, and entitled A Fair Bigamist, was produced at the Royalty last Thursday night with results anything but satisfactory to all concerned. The only chance for the piece, if any, is in the minor provincial towns, but before it could with any hope of success venture even upon that career, it would have to be re-written and considerably strengthened by some practiced hand.

On the following night the retiring (by which I mean presently quitting) manager of the Globe, Miss Woodworth, put up the well-known Frou-Frou for a seven-nights' run. As the frivolous but afterwards repentant heroine, Miss Woodworth displayed bursts of real ability—a quality which, until she played this character at a matinee some weeks ago, she had carefully concealed. William Farren, the elder, was again an artistic, if somewhat old-comedy-like, Bregard, and Arthur Elwood played De Sartoris better than I ever remember to have seen it played. Several of Ellen Terry's relatives were in the cast. Fred Terry played De Valres, Marguerite Terry (wife to Charles) was the Louise, and her little daughter Minnie (who has been playing Mignon in Rootie's Baby here, was a clever little Georges. On Tuesday next the Globe will pass into the hands of Mr. John Lart, who will revive here his own creepy drama, The Monk's Room.

To-night (Thursday) we are to see the first of the long-tailed comic opera, Carina at the Opera Comique, which has been totally redecorated for the occasion. Report speaks highly of the music, which is by Madame Julia Wolff, and rumor is busy regarding internecine warfare between the two librettists and their parisans. Concerning both of these matters I hope to speak more fully next week. GAWAIN.

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE]

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Yesterday a fine bust of E. L. Davenport was sent to the Actors' Fund rooms, accompanied by a letter from Fanny Davenport, the donor.

"I wish to present to the Fund this bust of my father, E. L. Davenport, in the character of Brutus," writes the actress. "There are but four—two in the family and one at the Walnut, Philadelphia. I know that he would be more than satisfied that the remaining one should be so bestowed. May its presence be a silent tribute to the profession he loved and honored. Could the lifeless clay but speak his wishes, I know that they would be a 'God speed' to the Fund and continuous prosperity."

The bust is a notable addition to the Fund's growing collection of theatrical art works. Eventually, I am certain, the institution will be made the repository of the largest and finest aggregation of dramatic relics, books and pictures in this country.

"God bless the little church around the corner!" Joe Jefferson said eighteen years ago when he was referred to the Church of the Transfiguration for the funeral of George Holland, and "God bless the Little Church," is what thousands of professionals have often repeated since. Dr. Houghton has endeavored himself to all people of the stage, irrespective of creed, by years of willing ministrations and cordial helpfulness, and I was glad to see a large representation of the profession in the church at the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate last Sunday morning. I am not an Episcopalian—I am not anything in particular so far as creed or sect are concerned—but I shall be glad some day to see Dr. Houghton's gentle, earnest services to actors repaid by them with tenfold interest. In this connection I may have something to say later on.

I learn that Signor Perugini, the handsomest of comic opera tenors, is about to relinquish music in favor of drama. He has made up his mind to become an actor, pure and simple, at the first fitting opportunity. It is further intimated that Perugini will probably make his dramatic bow as a juvenile man in the Madison Square company.

A contributor to a literary periodical asserts that he knows a man who makes a business of copyrighting titles for plays in order to protect them for possible use some day. What stuff! The copyright of a name is invalid unless two printed or type-written copies of the play to which it is attached are deposited in the office of the librarian of Congress—were it otherwise there would be men getting up a monopoly on Webster's dictionary, or a play-title trust. Besides, the majority of authors and play-owners in this country eschew copyright altogether, for the simple reason that stage-ownership is much simpler and far more effective.

On Monday night Joseph Haworth discovered during the performance of Philip Herne that Frederick Paulding's name appeared opposite the title role and Mason Mitchell's opposite the part of Grenville Hudson on the programmes which were being circulated in the front of the house. He kicked up a row about it, and for some moments it looked as if he wouldn't finish the performance. Haworth was the more easily nettled from the fact that the relations between himself and Manager Hill are somewhat strained. Investigation speedily proved that the error was unintentional. The programme printer had asked for the changes for next week, and they had been given him by the stage manager. The printer stupidly got them in one week ahead of time. It was an unfortunate blunder for all concerned, under the circumstances, but explanations finally cooled Haworth's temper down to normal temperature.

It is always a good plan for people while they are associated in business with other people to hold their tongues discreetly. In this matter of the Haworth and Herne disagreement there has been an unnecessary amount of unbridled talk going on. Some things have been publicly said, under the irritation of the moment, that were baseless, contemptible and slanderous.

Mary Fiske is the ablest female newspaper writer in this country, without any exception. There is more originality, humor and cleverness in one sentence flowing from her pen than in twenty columns thrown off by any other

journalist of her sex. Philip Herne gives unmistakable evidence that she can, if she pursues play-writing, produce work superior in newness and forcefulness to any American dramatist in my acquaintance. I firmly believe that she has the ability to write the best modern comedy our stage has seen. But whatever she does, I sincerely hope that Mary Fiske will never again write a play to fit an actor, but give wide, untrammelled scope to her ideas and their expression.

The Sage is gravely exercised about the recent wedding in a balloon. In the average marriage, he opines, the heirship usually comes some months later.

I am heartily sorry that Louis Aldrich has suffered defeat with The Kaffir Diamond. There are no squarer men and few more virile actors in the profession than Aldrich. He is a good loser as well as a temperate winner, and he pockets his losses by Swartz's play with a philosophical equanimity that is rare and pleasing. I trust he will be able to recoup at least a portion of them by effecting a sale of the handsome and expensive scenery used for the production.

There were just two papers in this city which told the truth about The Kaffir Diamond. Those papers were the THE MIRROR and the Herald. In a misguided spirit of kindness, or something else, all the other newspapers in town beamed more or less flatteringly on the piece, and predicted long life for it. The critics of the two journals noted estimated The Kaffir Diamond at precisely its real value. Mr. Aldrich felt somewhat irritated at their candid judgment of his experiment, and expressed the opinion that undue severity had been exercised. The result, according to Mr. Aldrich's present frank admission, proves that THE MIRROR and the Herald were the only papers whose verdict was just.

In the Courts.

THE JURY DISAGREED.

Col. John A. McCaull narrowly escaped being mulcted with damages in the suit for breach of contract brought by Ida F. Myers, who is professionally known as Alida Verena. The suit was tried last week in the Court of Common Pleas, Chief Justice Larremore taking the leading role, supported by twelve citizen jurors. Miss Verena was the persecuted heroine, and Manager McCaull the heavy villain. On Jan. 14, 1887, Miss Verena executed two contracts with the manager to sing in comic opera. One was for the balance of the season of 1886-7, at a weekly salary of \$75, and the other was for the following season, when her weekly salary was to be \$100. She first went on the road with The Black Hussar for several weeks, and was then ordered to report at Pittsburgh to understudy the leading part in Ruddygore. After several weeks she was sent back to the first company, with which she continued until the end of the season. She stated that Col. McCaull had asked her whether she would accept \$300 and release him from the contract, or go back to the first company. She chose the latter alternative. In October last Miss Verena was ready to enter upon the second contract, but Manager McCaull did not wish her services. Hence she sued him to recover \$3,000 damages for breach of contract.

When the actress was examined by the manager's counsel she testified that she had a good memory, and that no fault had ever been found with her for forgetting her lines. She had been cast for the part of Rose Maybird in Ruddygore, and received her lines six days before the opening night. When the time for the last rehearsal came she knew all the songs, but had not yet committed to memory some very difficult speeches. When she reached this passage Col. McCaull told her she did not know her part and that he would put Annie Myers in her place. She was then sent to the other company.

De Wolf Hopper testified that Miss Verena was imperfect in her part, could not recite her lines, and had to be prompted continually. She had received her part two weeks in advance.

Col. McCaull told the jury that the actress had sung acceptably for him in one or two operas, but without any special success. When he was informed she did not know her lines in Ruddygore he spoke to her, and she said that she could not learn them, but she knew the music and that was enough. Then he told her that she had broken her contract, and he did not think she could possibly make a success in comic opera. He kept her during the balance of the season because she urged him not to discharge her.

The testimony of the manager was corroborated by Benjamin B. Stevens, Herbert A. Cripps, Charles A. Jones and Adolph Neundorff. Miss Verena, in rebuttal, declared that during the season she sang with Col. McCaull's company she never heard any complaint about her competency.

These were the facts presented to the jury. The twelve men could not agree after discussing the evidence for over four hours, so Chief Justice Larremore discharged them. It was ascertained that ten favored a verdict for the actress, while the other two believed the manager should have a verdict. The case will have to be tried again.

THE THALIA THEATRE LEASE.

There are indications of further trouble between William Kramer, proprietor of the Thalia Theatre, and Gustave Amberg and H. R. Jacobs over the lease held by Amberg. The latter sublet the theatre to Manager Jacobs, who has been giving English performances, although Proprietor Kramer was strongly opposed to the giving of any performances other than in the German language.

Mr. Kramer, under the terms of the lease, prohibiting Amberg from subletting the

theatre, applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction to restrain him from so doing, and also to enjoin the giving of English performances. The motion was argued before Judge Ingraham in Supreme Court Chambers, when it was shown that while there was a verbal agreement that no English performances should be given in the theatre, yet it was not contained in the lease. Although Judge Ingraham, in his decision just rendered, refuses to grant the injunction, he holds that Manager Amberg, in having sublet the theatre, has violated the terms of his lease, and under its provisions it has been terminated. Consequently Mr. Kramer has a remedy to recover possession of the premises by summary proceedings, as the lease is no longer in force. It is expected that proceedings will soon be taken by Mr. Kramer to get possession of the theatre.

TRUNKS WITH TWO OWNERS.

An order has been granted by Chief Justice McAdam, of the City Court, making Alvin Joslyn Davis a party defendant in a suit brought by Jennie Noble, the actress, against the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company to recover possession of three trunks containing stage costumes. The trunks were placed in the custody of the Safe Deposit Company for safe keeping, and a dispute has arisen as to their ownership. Davis claims that the trunks and their contents are his.

MISS EYTINGE GETS HER PROPERTY.

Pearl Eyttinge some months ago was sued by her landlady, Mrs. Benas, to recover a board-bill. A judgment for \$143 was procured against the actress, upon which an execution was issued, and City Marshal Madigan levied upon her wardrobe and also the manuscript of her play, Two Women, in the hope of satisfying the judgment. A suit was subsequently brought against the City Marshal in the City Court for the recovery of the property upon the ground that it was exempt from execution by statute. Judge Nehrbas tried the case, and last week decided that Miss Eyttinge was entitled to the return of her property.

Obituary.

Henry Vandenhoff died on Sunday night at Belleville, N. J., of a kidney disease. He had been ill for some time, having been obliged to relinquish an engagement to support Rose Coghlan this season in Jocelyn soon after the preliminary rehearsals began. At the time of his death his wife and daughter were in St. Louis with R. B. Mantell's company. Henry Vandenhoff was a son of the famous tragedian, John Vandenhoff, and a brother of the late George Vandenhoff, who enjoyed distinction both as a classic actor and public reader. Henry came to this country a year-and-a-half ago, leaving a good position in England, where he was widely known as a successful teacher of acting and elocution. In his younger days he was a favorite on the London stage, playing with many of the most celebrated players of the time. Mr. Vandenhoff came to this country expecting to assume the position as a reader left vacant by the death of his brother George, but circumstances caused him to alter this plan and turn his attention to the stage. He played last season the clergyman in Lloyd's revolutionary play The Dominie's Daughter, which went on the road and lasted but a short time. Illness prevented him from playing again. Mr. Vandenhoff was a man of tall and imposing presence, with courtly manners and an inexhaustible fund of theatrical anecdote. He was the last of the Vandenhoffs—a line that conspicuously figures in the annals of the British theatre—with the exception of his daughter, who, as before stated, is now a member of Mr. Mantell's company.

Benjamin H. Butler, well known in the profession, died last Wednesday night at the Putnam House in this city. The funeral took place on Saturday at that hotel, the Rev. Dr. Houghton officiating. The interment was in Philadelphia. Mr. Butler was located at the Union Square Theatre for some time as business manager. His last engagement was with Edmund Collier. He was forty-two years of age at the time of his death. He leaves a widow.

Lotta's Purchase Off.

The projected purchase of the Grand Opera House at St. Paul, Minn., by Lotta, has not been consummated, and the negotiations begun by those acting for her have caused complications which have led to litigation. An attachment for \$95,000 against Lotta was filed in the United States Court by the Grand Opera House company at St. Paul on Saturday last.

The complaint alleges that Lotta purchased the Grand Opera House on Sept. 7, for \$125,000, and that on Sept. 26 a contract was made to pay \$100,000 down, Lotta giving her note for the balance due in one year. Only \$5,000 was paid, and Miss Crabtree's heavy deposit in the Germania Bank in Chicago has been garnished. It is stated that the projected purchase was allowed to fall through by the Crabtrees owing to liens and claims being held on the house, which were not acknowledged to Lotta's agents while they were conducting the preliminary negotiations.

Filling Southern Time.

"I have rebeked the Southern dates for both W. J. Scanlan and Robert Mantell," said Gus Pitou as he sat in his uptown office the other day. "Mr. Scanlan was originally booked to appear at Memphis on Oct. 8 while Mr. Mantell was to have gone there a week later. At that time the city was quarantined against the world, and Manager Grey was unable to obtain a guarantee from the Sanitary Committee before either date. Consequently I was obliged to cancel both dates there. I put Mantell in at the Haymarket, Chicago, and Scanlan at Milwaukee and three one-night towns."

Now, in order to fill our Southern dates, I had to jump Mr. Scanlan from Milwaukee to Dallas, Texas, by which we lose two nights, while Mantell will jump from Chicago to New Orleans and will also lose two nights by the transaction.

I feel confident of the success of my Rose Coghlan venture. Her new play has won the favor of the public. Her business in Newark last week increased nightly. On Monday she opened in Providence to \$300 more than she ever played to there before, with a good sale for the rest of the engagement. Next Monday night she opens in Montreal, and will be in Canada during the election excitement."

As an evidence of the fact that the yellow fever scare has not injured business in New Orleans, the following telegram from Manager David Bidwell is significant:

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 7.

Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger: GENTLEMEN—Robert Downing, as Spartacus the Gladiator, has made a great success. The house was crowded with our best citizens. The entire company and the production were enthusiastically received. A large week's business is assured. Mack is very much elated. DAVID BIDWELL.

This is Plain Enough.

Misrepresentation seems to be inseparable from professional life in all its devious channels and currents. In connection with the opposition interposed to the legal proceedings of the American Dramatic Fund to secure a dissolution of the Association and a division of its funds an attempt has been made to convey the impression that Fanny Davenport had not authorized the Hon. A. J. Dittenhoefer to appear in her behalf for the purpose of objecting to the scheme. The following letter has been received by Mr. Dittenhoefer:

ST. CLOUD HOTEL,
Oct. 5, 1888.

Dear Judge: I beg to confirm my request to represent me in opposition to the proceedings to dissolve the Dramatic Fund and divide the fund among its members, as it is my wish to have the money of the Dramatic Fund united with those of the Actors' Fund.

Faithfully yours, FANNY DAVENPORT.

This emphatically settles any real or imaginary doubt as to Miss Davenport's position in the matter. She seems to regard the question in a more benevolent and conscientious light than the majority of her fellow members in the old Dramatic Fund Association, for she is perfectly willing to sacrifice her share of \$680 in the interests of fairness, charity and justice.

Miss Davenport has also written a letter to President Palmer, of the Actors' Fund, explaining her views and wishes in respect to the amalgamation of the moribund old fund and the lusty young one in case such a disposition is effected. It runs thus:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1888.

My Dear Mr. Palmer: I beg leave to suggest to you that should it be decided that the Dramatic Fund and Actors' Fund are to be consolidated, as I sincerely trust they may be, that all members who have paid money into the old fund might be, by a suspension of your rules, made life members of the Actors' Fund. It seems to me to be the part of justice that if their money goes into the new fund the payments which they have made ought to be of some benefit to them in case of illness, or to their families in case of death. Some of the members of the old fund are happily beyond the need of any assistance of that kind, but the honor of being a life member would be a desirable gain. Will you kindly make this suggestion at the next fund meeting in my behalf and oblige. FANNY DAVENPORT.

To this letter President Palmer replied as follows:

Dear Miss Davenport: It was always agreed that in the event of a consolidation of the two funds all the members of the old fund should be made life members of the new one. It was also agreed that the members of the old fund should continue the same allowance as now, with an addition to that allowance of a proportionate share to each of the expenses of administering the fund, which are now, I believe, about \$1,000 a year. The Actors' Fund would, in other words, administer the affairs of the old fund without any expense to the beneficiaries, and the share of each would thus be considerably increased. These beneficiaries would, moreover, become the special wards of the Actors' Fund, and in case of illness and want would receive prompt and generous aid out of the money in the treasury of the latter. As far as the poorer members of the old fund are concerned, there can be no doubt, therefore, that they would be greatly benefited by the proposed consolidation.

The richer members, however, would have to forego what they call their "share" of the capital of the fund, and this is where the shoe pinches. In my opinion they are no more entitled to this share than you and I are entitled to a share in the capital of the Actors' Fund, and I sincerely hope that, through your spirited action in the matter the courts will so decide. If they do so decide you will have the satisfaction of knowing that, through your efforts chiefly, a great sum of money has been saved to the sacred cause of charity.

A. M. PALMER.

Briefs will be submitted to Referee West by the lawyers in the case, he will report to the court and finally before a decision is rendered, arguments pro and con will be made by Mr. Olin for the Dramatic Fund and Judge Dittenhoefer for Miss Davenport before the judge, who will review the testimony taken.

The Obviously Proper Course.

Boston Post.

The efforts of some of the surviving members of the American Dramatic Fund Association to have the accumulated funds of that organization divided among themselves are strangely out of consonance with what must have been the purpose of the original subscribers. The Dramatic Fund was primarily a charity; and now that the work for which it was established is done by the Actors' Fund it seems only fair that its money should be turned over to the latter body. Comparatively few members of the older institution, it is stated, stand in any need of the sum which they would receive were a division made; and for those who are in want the Actors' Fund is ready to provide. The whole matter is now in the courts, where it is to be taken for granted it will be equitably settled. But it is rather a pity, as the Post pointed out when the matter was first discussed, that the members of the Dramatic Fund could not have consented to the obviously proper course without either argument or compulsion.

Gossip of the Town.

G. Herbert Leonard is sojourning in England.

J. W. Carroll, the advance agent, is disengaged.

T. H. Winnett and G. B. Bunnell contemplate a trip to Kentucky.

Frank L. Davis and Marie Dudley are with Alone in London for the season.

Annie Williams, the soubrette, formerly of Harrigan's company, is at liberty.

Manager Charles W. Lyon will open a Summer theatre at Sedalia, Mo., next June.

The Grand Opera House at Wheeling, W. Va., has open time the weeks of Oct. 23 and Nov. 5.

Henry Holland late of Richard Mansfield's company is expected to arrive here on the Spain next Monday.

Charles H. Keeshin has been engaged as business manager for Daniel Bandmann, and is now busy booking time.

Rehearsals of Margaret Mather's company began in this city on Tuesday. The company will open at Orange on Oct. 25.

The company supporting Harry Lacy in The Still Alarm is called at the Globe Theatre, Boston, for Thursday noon, Nov. 1.

All the scenery and properties of the classical ballet, Antiope, now playing at the London Alhambra, have been purchased by Bolossy Kravitz's agent, with the intention of producing it at Niblo's for a six months' run.

Writing from England G. Herbert Leonard says: "I am astonished to find THE MIRROR in such wide circulation in this country."

Manager F. F. Proctor has choice open time at his houses in Bridgeport, Conn.; Lynn, Mass.; Lancaster, Pa., and Wilmington, Del.

T. D. Frawley has resigned his part of Jack Deering in The Quick or the Dead at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. J. Wallace is rehearsing the role.

Manager Dudley McAdow reports that Fashions has scored a great success in Baltimore, and has done excellent business on the road.

Manager Fleishman has renewed his lease of the Walnut Street Theatre from John S. Clarke for five years. The present lease has still two years to run.

E. B. Sweet telegraphed from Poughkeepsie on Wednesday: "John Wild in Running Wild played to the banner house of the season last night. Great success."

The new Kensington Theatre at Philadelphia will be opened on the 29th inst. by Hoodman Blind, under the management of H. R. Jacobs and S. M. Hickey.

Frank M. Norcross has resigned from A. M. Palmer's Jim the Penman company, in which he has been playing the role of Captain Redwood. His resignation will take effect on Saturday night.

Although Edward Harrigan's new Irish play is ready for rehearsal, the business of Waddy Gooagan continues to be of such a phenomenal nature that the new play cannot be put on for some time to come.

John Dillon and company tendered a benefit performance for the charitable institutions at Kansas City in the Warner Grand Theatre on Friday last, realizing \$2,500. Manager Buford donated the use of the theatre.

Harriet Webb, of 124 West Twenty-third Street, teaches elocution, coaches amateurs in stage business and gives readings, public or parlor. Mrs. Webb has made an enviable reputation for herself in this branch of the profession.

Mattie Earle played Pauline in The Lady of Lyons at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday afternoon last week. Her performance was artistic and effective and quite surprised her friends, who had never before seen her in so exacting a role.

Walter Standish is vested with the sole right to produce Theodora, the Lion Queen, in this country and in Canada. Mr. Standish also owns the cars used in the transportation of the scenery and properties employed in his elaborate presentation of the play.

The houses at Harrigan's Park Theatre continue large. The summer tour of the company has already been arranged by Manager Hanley. The organization will not go to San Francisco, despite all reports to the contrary, the tour extending no further West than Chicago.

According to Fred W. Gretton, of Burton's Bad Boy company, that organization closed its season suddenly at the Grand Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday last, owing to Will E. Burton's disappearance. The latter left salaries and board bills unpaid. Mr. Gretton brought the company back to New York.

Maude Banks scored a pronounced success as Pauline in the Lady of Lyons before discriminating audiences in Detroit. Mr. Buckley also won popular favor as Claude Melnotte. The company is strong and evenly balanced. Miss Banks is reported to be doing an excellent business in her repertoire of classic and romantic plays.

Manager Samuel P. Cox, of Frank Daniels' Little Puck company, is in town, preparing for the opening of his attraction at the People's next week. He states that the company is stronger than last season, and has played 'o' excellent business on the road. The piece has been improved, and new music, songs and dances added.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts, formerly the New York School of Acting and Lyceum Theatre School, has organized an extensive faculty. The professorate includes separate teachers in stage business, voice, pantomime, fencing, dancing and make-up. Secretary B. F. Roeder receives applications at the Lyceum Theatre Building.

The second installment of Lester Wallack's memoirs will appear in Scribner's for November. They will contain anecdotes and reminiscences of Charles Kean, Ellen Tree, Laura Keane, William E. Burton, Chanion and others, with their portraits. A picture of Lester Wallack and his granddaughter taken last Summer at Stamford will also be given.

Kate Claxton gives notice that she has disposed of the right to produce The World Against Her only in the region lying West of the Missouri river, and warns managers generally in any other part of the United States or Canada that the exclusive right for the production of this play is her property, and action will be taken against any infringement of her rights.

Gus Heckler, who was recently presented by Congress with a silver medal for bravery in rescuing two people from being drowned, has been nominated by the County Democracy for Alderman in the Eleventh Assembly District. If nobody but professionals lived in the district Mr. Heckler's election would be unanimous. As it is, he has everybody's best wishes.

Charles Erin Verner is claimed to present the best impersonation of an Irishman in his play, Shamus O'Brien, which is said to be superior to the average plays with Irish titles, where the Celt is sometimes a caricature instead of being a portrayal of true, honest Irish character. Mr. Verner is reported to have done a splendid business at regular-priced theatres throughout the country.

Manager J. F. West, of the New Academy of Music at Haverhill, Mass., was in town this week. He states that the new Academy, which replaces the old house that was destroyed by fire in last July, will be ready for opening about the middle of November. He wants an attraction for the opening of the new house and also one for Thanksgiving Day. Klaw and Erlanger are booking time for Mr. West.

The Opera House Managers' Protective Association of Nebraska have organized a circuit composed of about thirty towns, mostly in Nebraska, and selected as the best places for attractions to visit in that State. Booking fees are entirely dispensed with, and the Association offers favorable terms to road attractions. The Association can give from one to four months' open time, and has 100 nights of three night and week stands for repertoire companies.

HOWARD'S TALK.

In a certain sense "a little learning is a dangerous thing," but from another point of view a little learning is very much better than none at all. This thought was painfully illustrated on the first night of Coquelin's appearance in Palmer's Theatre by the rustling libretto leaves, by the absence of recognition of subtle points, by the blankfacedness of at least one-half that vast audience. The boxes, largely filled by professionals, many of whom were also scattered through the house, the orchestra occupied, as usual, by critics and first-nighters, and the balcony crowded to suffocation with men and women of French birth or extraction, exhibited with very few exceptions a picture which, taken seriously, was an argument in favor of a little learning, even if it were but a smattering of French, and, if taken pleasantly, was about as grotesque as anything ever shown in a New York theatre.

Of all people in the world men and women of the stage should be versed in French and German.

To say that a critic should be able at least to read easily both French and German is simply to say that a carpenter should be well equipped for his work. In these days of advanced teaching, when intercourse between countries is a matter of a few very dollars and a very short time, it should be a matter of ordinary obligation to teach children the fluent use of French in any event, and more desirably both French and German. I saw, in that audience, managers who didn't understand one word that was said upon the stage. They looked blank and stolid and indifferent. That their early education was neglected everybody knew, but that their subsequent opportunities should have been neglected also, is simply disgraceful.

Managers play very important parts.

They not only build and furnish theatres, they not only erect substantial structures, purchase expensive scenes and engage expert artists, but they select plays. If ignorant, they are at the mercy of their stage manager and unprincipled authors or adapters. If well informed, they are masters of the situation. If an alleged author brings to them a new play, being familiar with French and German authors, how quickly the imposture is detected. If uninformed and unequipped along that line, how easily they are gulled, how often they are deceived.

There were also in that audience many actors, male and female.

I recognized two who understood every word that was said, and enjoyed every moment of the evening, but I regret to say, I also recognized actors to whom everything done was unimpressive, by whom not a solitary word spoken was understood or appreciated. Of what use is Coquelin's art to them? What did they gain by sitting from eight until after eleven, simple blocks, non-participants in that joyous occasion? How much they would have enjoyed, had they been able not only to hear with the ear, but to appreciate with the understanding, the stolidities of the valet, the pathos of the old time servant, the rare humor of Renard, the marvellous melodramaticity of the sailor lad. They spent their money in vain. They can simply say, "We attended Coquelin's American debut."

Are actors then so ignorant?

Well, yes, actors are not necessarily ignorant, but they are precisely "so" ignorant. And it is an apt time to call the attention of the profession at large, and more especially of the younger members, to the desirability of doing something besides the studying of their parts, the interpretation of their lines during the season, and their recreations during the restful spell of Summer. This is an era of cheap literature. Books are the cheapest commodities in the market. The prices of paper, of labor, of everything connected with the publishing of books were never so low as at present. The market is absolutely flooded with new literary efforts good, bad and indifferent, while the publication of standard works goes steadily on, increasing year after year in volume and in beauty. How many times I have heard an actor say, "I know nothing of this play. I have never seen this act, or that scene." Actors very often content themselves with their own part of the work, paying no attention whatever to the play as an entirety. To outsiders this will seem strange. Insiders know how it is themselves. Think of an actor appearing, night after night, in Shakespeare's plays, of which he knows nothing beyond the scenes of which he is a participant! How much better he could interpret his portion, if he understood the whole. Is there anything more attractive upon the stage than a bright youth, whether it be man or woman, whose comely countenance is lighted by the fire of intelligence, and permeated not alone with ambition, but with obvious understanding? How quickly one recognizes the difference between a pretty face, intellectual, with no evidence of soul or heart or brain behind it, and one which is illumined by the very flame of genius. There are very few geniuses. There are thousands of comely faces. One doesn't need to be a genius to become a substantial, nay, a foremost success along the line of histrionic interpretation, but one does need to have something besides an attractive personality. The law of progress is immutable.

Thus far shalt thou go and no farther; to the very limit of your intelligence success is possible. One step beyond that boundary, and the morass of ridicule sinks beneath your feet.

Look at this for a moment.

Let us suppose that so great is the financial success of the praiseworthy effort of Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau, that with the consent of Mr. Palmer and the Coquelin company a professional matinee is given. Let us imagine the boxes filled with the leading lights of the profession. See, packed in that home-like orchestra and in the acoustically well-provided balconies, men and women whose names are scattered broadcast throughout the country, in letters two inches long. The French ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters of the men and women sitting in the house, come upon the well appointed stage and enact, with marvellous dexterity and scholastic intelligence, their favorite roles. Is enthusiasm stirred? Do the boxes give the signal, while echoes rise from orchestra to balcony, and thunder far along to the amphitheatre? Oh, no. The boxes are reading their librettos, and the orchestras are wondering which is which, and the balconies, with marked unanimity, following word by word with downcast eyes, turn with the precision of well-drilled troops the rustling page. The few applaud and the many follow suit. Is that a creditable showing? There can be but one answer. Is it a faithful picture? There can be but one answer.

Another scene.

In his magnificent home Mr. Palmer, desiring to make memorable the first engagement played in the theatre since he assumed control, gives a reception in honor of the Coquelin company. Invitations are sent to the best men and women of the profession, and to people who illustrate the possibilities of all the arts. They throng his elegantly appointed parlors. They admire his pictures and applaud his taste in statuary, but they do it among themselves and to each other rather than to the distinguished guests in whose honor the reception is given. Presently an accidental jostling brings the French and the American together, and while the latter stammers and blushes and regrets extremely his inability to talk, he is amazed and gratified—should he not be chagrined?—to hear the Frenchman speak English without an accent and relieve him of embarrassment by conversing with him in his own tongue. Can you see that? Of course you can. Why not learn something from what you see? Why not let this be a pin stuck in the cushion of chance? You are accidentally brought face to face with the fact that you don't understand that most common of continental languages, that medium of communication which among the *polite* of the world is most utilized, so that when opportunity is afforded you to study the very experts of your profession, you are unable to appreciate their merit or to gather from that fertile held the harvest you really so much desire.

Moral: What's the matter with a little study?

HOWARD.

Gleanings of the Week.

Concerning the "creation" question we have received the following communication from the French critic, M. de Saut-Baride, who is at present an American resident, which will be read with interest. Says this gentleman, after apologizing for his limited knowledge of our language:

"For many weeks I have read in THE MIRROR the most amusing opinions of many persons regarding the use of the word *creator* as applied to actors. I humbly submit mine: A theatrical composition is no drama or opera before having seen the footlights. The book is but a cold skeleton of an incomplete novel. It gives no psychological or sentimental descriptions, as these are left to mimics to express, but simply indications of locality, epoch, time of day, etc. It is a rough sketch, unfit even to be read; it lacks movement, action, *life*. In an unplayed opera the music loses all its effects in coloring, contrast, delicacy. A reading of the piano scores of our best composers will demonstrate this.

"The writer *imagines* a character; the composer *illustrates* that character, but the actor takes it from the intellectual world into the material one, brings it to *life*, and this is *creation*.

"Again, if to *create* means 'to make something out of nothing,' it can certainly not apply to the playwright, whose continual effort is to represent scenes of daily life. Musicians are no better creators, especially since the Wagner mania came into fashion. But, since a drama does not exist before its first representation or its creation by extension; we apply the term *creators* to the actors, stage managers, musical directors and also the manager of the troupe, who took an active part in the first representation of the play. I think this term is universally used to avoid a long circumlocution. We say shortly: 'Duprez, the *creator* of Guillaume Tell,' instead of 'Duprez, the tenor who sang for the first time the role of Arnold in Guillaume Tell.'"

"Did it ever occur to you," said an actress who has brains and is not averse to using them occasionally, "that dramatists are generally circumscribed by a somewhat narrow horizon in their transfer of human life to the boards? I never could understand why, as a rule, they choose the theme of love and courtship merely for their work. Every playgoer knows that he is pretty certain to witness a case of true love which, however roughly its course may run for two or three acts, is certain to be straightened out near the close of the play. There is one formula in vogue which everybody recognizes as including—sweetheart, lover, scheming rival, male or female; temporary estrangement, unforeseen complications, clearing up of difficulties, true love triumphant.

"But why is all interest in two young people supposed to end once they have reached the eve of marriage? Why is the preliminary episode to wedded bliss assumed to constitute a complete and satisfactory picture of life? Why does the prompter's bell ring down the final curtain at a point in the existence of our hero and heroine when their greatest joys or sorrows are just about to begin? Is it because marriage is a failure, as a good many voluble people are trying to prove at the present time, and matrimony is a tomb whose door the drop-curtain closes because nobody wishes to peer within? Of course there are a good many plays wherein the happiness or the tribulation of married existence is depicted, but the majority of plots are supposed to be complete when the leading characters have journeyed as far as the church door. I wish some wise and clever person would elucidate this question."

There will be some astonishment created this season when fashionable young girls make their appearance on the streets carrying walking-sticks. That is the latest fad which the Summer pilgrims to Paris have imported, and the tradesmen, in anticipation of its adoption, have laid in a varied assortment of staves for fair hands. These sticks are made of acacia wood, malacca and ebony. They are mounted with silver, and from a silver band with a ring swing a couple of silken tassels. They vary in price from five to fifty dollars. The name given this species of fashionable fancy is the La Tosca cane, and it is of the length and shape of the stick carried by Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport in Sardou's play. The La Tosca umbrella is also a novelty. It is a very small frame mounted on a very long handle of the same pattern as the La Tosca cane. These sticks and umbrellas, when carried by a wearer of the Directoire dress on the stage and handled gracefully, produce a pleasing effect. But how they will appear when used by awkward girls parading the streets is a question. Next in order of fashionable evolution we may expect our belles to array themselves like Watteau shepherdesses, with crooks to menace crooked men.

The Carlton Opera company is to play a long season at the Bijou Opera House beginning in March next, presenting Myrheer Jan, the new opera by Paulton and Jakobowski. It is more than probable by this latest arrangement that four large opera companies will be placed in active opposition in this city next Spring and Summer. Starting in March the Carlton company will play into May, on the 1st of which month McCaull's Opera company will open across the street at Palmer's. Francis Wilson will probably open at the Broadway Theatre about the 5th of May, and the Casino which, like the brook, goes on forever, will also be there to get a slice of the favor bestowed by the public on this wealth of combined music and comedy.

The Alvin Joslyn advertising methods practiced by Manager Myers, who is directing the tour of Creston Clarke, have elicited considerable disapproval. Instead of permitting the young man to travel on his merits, Mr. Myers is endeavoring to awaken interest by trading on the name of Mr. Clarke's maternal uncle, Edwin Booth, and the historic associations of some costumes which he put on exhibition in Philadelphia recently. Speaking of this matter the *Bulletin* of that city sensibly observes: "Mr. Myers, the manager of Creston Clarke, needs a little curbing; he appears to have extremely bad taste. The costume exhibition was a silly thing, and the photograph feature of Wednesday's matinee was simply nonsensical. Mr. Clarke is a legitimate star—and a good one—and should not be worked up as if he were a professional beauty." All this must greatly edify Mr. Booth, who throughout his great career has always shrunk from the adroitly devised and catch-penny devices of the dollar-store system of management.

A Summer Trip to South America.

It is rather odd to picture a trip among the tropics in midsummer and point out the many advantages to a person seeking rest after a hard season's work, but that inducements exist will be understood when it is remembered that South of the Equator the weather has much resemblance to our balmy Indian Summer. The expense of a voyage to South America is moderate.

On shipboard in the Caribbean Sea the weather is delightfully cool, and during the entire voyage, which twice crosses the Equator, the heat was not as great as is endured in New York in the month of June.

Leaving New York the first landing at a foreign port is made at the Island of St. Thomas. The town of St. Thomas is built upon the side of a mountain, rising some 2,000 feet above the bay. Here the traveler gets the first glimpses of tropical life—the low, white-washed buildings, gleaming and sparkling in the sun like terraces of white coral rock; the tall coconut palm with its cluster of nuts fifty feet from the ground, and the banana trees with branches loaded down with masses of fruit. Immediately the ship drops anchor she is surrounded by a fleet of bumboats, whose duck-rowers are clamoring to buy the products of the island—cigars, bay rum, conch shells and beautiful specimens of coral.

On landing you run the gauntlet of a throng of natives energetically proffering their services as guides. Ascending the hill, you keep in the middle of the road, as the sidewalks are so narrow that it is well-nigh impossible for two persons to pass, until you reach the Ice House, the principal hotel of the town. Why it should have received this appellation is a mystery—ice is almost an unknown commodity in the hotels of the tropics.

Opposite the hotel is the plaza, from which all the streets radiate, and here, under the shade of the umbrella-like palms, the business and social intercourse of the town is carried on.

Dark-skinned girls, laughing and chattering, come and go; grave Spaniards and Portuguese lounge on settees, constantly rolling and smoking their corn-husk cigarettes and discoursing on the tobacco and sugar-crops; armed policemen in linen uniforms and leaning indolently on their guns—in fact, all classes are imbued with a lassitude which is peculiar to the tropics; negro women, carrying huge baskets of fruit and vegetables on their heads; donkeys with panniers filled with rum and coconuts, while the riders squat cross-legged like Turks, belaboring the poor little beasts with cudgels, are some of the sights in and around the Plaza.

Returning to the ship at evening, and sitting on the upper deck after a hearty supper, you watch the sun go down like a red ball of fire behind the mountain peak, when darkness almost immediately ensues, as there is no twilight in the tropics.

By this time the cargo has been unloaded, the anchor weighed, and the vessel drifts slowly with the tide across the bay to the other side of the town where there is a long coal dock. The coaling of a ship at night is one of the most novel sights that the island of St. Thomas affords. The coal wharf is illuminated in a strange manner. Coal bunkers surmounting iron columns are filled with soft coal and ignited. The blazing bunkers throw a lurid glare over the scene, lighting up the wharf and the vessel.

Presently a band of two hundred negro girls, each carrying upon her head a bushel basket filled with coal, appears upon the scene. They are bare-legged, straight as arrows, and walk with a stride and precision of step that would do credit to a regiment of Scotch Highlanders. After unloading the contents of their baskets in the ship, they return to the coal wharf laughing, chattering and exchanging jests with their male companions, who are lounging on the pier, watching with evident satisfaction the toil of their wives, sisters and sweethearts, who receive a penny for each basket of coal.

By daylight the ship, having been coaled and provisioned, steams again into the Caribbean Sea. After passing the islands of Santa Cruz and Martinique, the vessel once more enters the Atlantic, heading for the coast of Brazil, 3,000 miles to the South.

On reaching land one day is spent in ascending the Amazon river to Para. Though this city lies but thirty miles south of the equator, the temperature only ranges from seventy-five to ninety degrees the year round.

Brazilian cities present a sameness in appearance. The Plaza in the centre of the town, facing which stands the old and time-worn cathedral built in the sixteenth century. The low houses, covered on the outside with porcelain tiling and roofed with red tiles, present a unique and pretty appearance. Feast days and holidays are of weekly occurrence; fireworks are let off in abundance, religious processions march through the streets, and the evening is devoted to feasting and revelry. Funerals have but little of the sombre hue—the hearse is a mass of gilt and the carriage drivers are resplendent with gold braid, while the entire cortege rattles along at a brisk trot.

The rail down the coast of Brazil is a most delightful one, land being in sight the greater part of the time. Whales are often seen spouting a stream of water high into the air. On the thirty-first day out from New York the harbor of Rio de Janeiro is sighted.

Rio is unquestionably the most beautiful harbor in the world. Of the city itself suffice it to say it is Paris in miniature. One word concerning the theatres, which include but two classes—the French and Portuguese. The Opera House of Dom Pedro de Segundo is the handsomest and best equipped in Brazil, but it partakes of a peculiar, composite nature. It is built of white marble richly embellished with statuary and bas-reliefs. Inside it is modeled after the French style. The tiers, with the exception of the top gallery, are divided into boxes flanked on each side with wide lobes, which are used as a promenade. Extending the full length of the front of the building is a reception room, where the audience meet during the long entr'actes with which their performances abound. Behind the curtain the similarity of the Opera House to French theatres ceases. The scenery is old, the stage-settings poor, the curtain raised and lowered by means of a simple pulley requiring the united efforts of ten men, and the flat which extend through the stage and into the sub-cellar are drawn on and off by means of a windlass.

The voyage to Rio and return is 12,000 miles, taking sixty-five days. Aside from the pleasure and health derived from the trip, the cities, countries and people met with are well worth a visit, occupying the time of one's Summer vacation.

MASON MITCHELL.

No Discrimination in Art.

Boston Post.

In the course of an appreciative article upon Lester Wallack, THE NEW YORK MIRROR has something to say upon a question which has more than once been touched upon in the *Post*. It remarks:

But after all it is not on grounds of patriotism that Mr. Wallack's services as a manager should be estimated. Art, it must be remembered, has no nationality. All that the friends of the American drama and the American dramatic can justly ask and expect is the encouragement of that which gives promise, and the impartial recognition of merit. It is thus that the American drama will be developed, not by depriving ourselves of the benefits of foreign achievement. Free trade in dramatic products cannot fail to stimulate our own producers, providing the market is open and not polluted by unfair preferences in either direction. We cannot till good American work by letting in good foreign work; we cannot make a national drama by closing the doors of our theatres against the drama of other countries. Shakespeare, the man, was English; Shakespeare, the poet and playwright, is universal.

This, it seems to us, is a fair statement of the proper critical attitude toward the modern drama, whether it be of native or foreign origin. It is a mistaken patriotism which attempts to discriminate against the art of other nations. That sort of thing ought to be left to Congress, which still refuses to remove the duty from foreign paintings, and which might just as well, arguing from analogy, impose a tax upon foreign plays with the mistaken purpose of "protecting" American dramatists.

Professional Dongs.

—Dot Harrison has signed with Andrews' Michael Strogoff company to play Sargara.

—T. H. Winnett will shortly pay the Shamus O'Brien company a flying visit.

—Charles E. Verner is said to be playing to large business out West.

—Arnold Wolford has been engaged with Fleming's Around the World company to play Passport.

—W. S. Cleveland, manager of Haverly's Minstrels, is one of the youngest managers in the profession. He is only twenty-seven years old. He began theatrical life as an usher at the theatre in his native city, Chillicothe, O. Last January he became associated with J. H. Haverly.

—Thomas J. Page and Emily Gilroy have been engaged for the Rose Lisle company, the former as advance agent and the latter for juveniles.

—The farce-comedy, *He, She, Him and Her*, has been undergoing some changes of late. The restaurant scene has been discarded, and the second act is now done in a farm house. The leading parts have not been materially altered, but the story has been more closely condensed, and some of the minor parts written up.

—Love's Sacrifice, which has not been played in this country since Mary Anderson's second year on the stage, and Lucretia Borgia have been added to Maude Banks' repertoire.

—The quaint little darkey who is a recent addition to F. H. Winnett's Fanny's Slave company is quite an acquisition, his song and dance being greatly applauded.

—J. H. Mack, manager of Robert Downling, went on before his company to Nashville, in order to have some shooting at Carter's Creek and test the qualities of his star broadsword dancer. He behaved so well that he intends to enter them in the Southern and National field trials.

—Manager Fleischmann, of Philadelphia, telegraphs THE MIRROR: "Another successful Walnut Street Theatre production is Neil Burgess' Country Fair. It opened on Monday to the largest house of the season. It will surely have a long run in New York."

—The receipts at the Lyceum Theatre, which was opened by The Wife Co. on Monday night, are reported to have been \$4,300. This included premiums on seats and boxes, of course.

—Maude Edwards writes that the Kimball Opera company has been doing a large business. "The organization," he says, "is really one of the best I have ever been connected with." The principals include Blanche Chapman, Amy Harvey, Hattie Arnold, Julie Earnest, Ed. Chapman, Arthur Bell and Harry Rattenbury. There are forty people altogether in the company.

—According to Manager H. E. Wheeler, Newton Beers' Lost in London has been doing an excellent average business in the South. Two weeks only have been changed from the original route, and those advances, tascally. The company plays in Memphis next week. "Managers who have cancelled the South," says Wheeler, "will now have their property men take a trunk strap and wallop them all over the theatre, for they have lost the best time for money-making in this section."

Letters to the Editor.

BEARDING THE LION.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—In the course of my life I have met with several stage-struck young women, and have listened with breathless interest to the stories of their various and thrilling encounters with lions, tigers and bears. I am sure that the stories are really true? Were women really subjected to the humiliations they related to me?

So I, too, became fired with an ambition to interview a manager—or rather several managers—who were limited in my views. After some inquiries I was informed that Mr. Daly was just the man for me to see. I would find him the kindest and most courteous of men, with a vast amount of admiration for his being genius-like man. You perceive my modesty. "He is a most jovial man, and he has that happy knack of putting you at ease at your ease," said one of my informants. (I've lurking suspicion now that that person was "guying" me.)

So I donned my most fetching gown and smartest hat and set forth "to beard the lion." Arrived at the stage door I asked the guardians of that sacred precinct, with my most seductive tones and winning smile, "Could I see Mr. Daly?" He succumbed instantly to the tone and smile and said he'd see me. "Mr. Daly was awful busy; but he'd do his best." Whereupon I gave him my card and a very flattering photograph, which I bestowed another of my special grins upon him, and he disappeared up a mysterious looking staircase, while I sat in a very draughty hall and waited.

He was really a charming man, that back door keeper, and I regard him now with positive affection. Presently he returned and said, "Come this way," and I followed him meekly and varied the monotony of my journey by stumbling over sundry obstacles, which crowded on investigation to be ascertained sets of small stairways which, owing to the gloom and my short sight I failed to see in time. At the imminent risk of my neck and dignity I reached the green-room. I presume it was the green-room—it had a green carpet down—and the thought also crossed my mind that there had been any number of fresh young creatures ushered in there before my time, so I don't think the name inappropriate.

After a few minutes the great Augustus entered. But heaven! Where was the beaming smile and kindly courtesy I had come prepared to meet?

To my "Good morning, Mr. Daly," he replied so much as to be a little bit of a stare, and he said, "What do you want?" Encouraging.

"I want to go on the stage," I faltered, "and I—I thought perhaps you—"

"I don't want any extra girls—got all I want," and then he bolted out of the room beckoning me to follow and pointing down that dreadful stairway, implying that that was my way out, disappeared from my astonished gaze.

"Extra girls!" Ye gods, what a fall for my starting ambition! This was being treated with kindness and courtesy, and "put at one's ease," and yet a man who gets his living by the talents of the women he treats with such scant ceremony.

What a pity death should have taken away the dearest and kindest of men, Lester Wallack, who, as I turned a deaf ear to any aspirant no matter how absurd his claims to his attention might be. And then compare the kindness and civility one receives from Mr. Hill and Mr. Frohman when the elaborate courtesy (?) of Mr. Daly and the results are scarcely complimentary to the latter. One can truthfully say of the others that there are a few in this worn-out old world that still can wear "the grand old name of gentleman." SALLY.

A LETTER FROM M'KERR RANKIN.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—While I am very reluctant to continue to publicly defend my private affairs, I feel compelled to again defend myself against the gross injustice of the *Giddy Gusher's* attack in your issue of Oct. 6. Up to the present time I have always supposed that THE MIRROR would not descend to personalities in any case. I, therefore, cannot understand why I should be singled out as the one instance of "a case," and yet a man who permit me to say that the "Riverdale home, the place to dream of," was purchased with my money—money that was earned through "obstructions" and "lots of boulders" that lay across a "rocky road" of ingratitude and deceit.

My darling daughters are "educated" and "accomplished," thank God, because I, their father, have always had them surrounded by the most refined influences—being taught by the most able teachers our circumstances would permit—even carrying them about the country, always at expense, in order that they might be under the personal care and attention of both father and mother.

If anybody, through either malice or mistaken friendship, continues to attack me, I shall be compelled to go into a most uninteresting exhibit of facts, dates and figures to show who placed me in the position of a "case," and sustained them, by which the "Knolls" now remain as a home to my children. No "retributive justice" will ever impel me to accept it as a shelter, if force of circumstances should make it impossible to be a home for me as well, in every sense of the word. Your obedient servant,

A. M'KERR RANKIN.

MR. MANSFIELD AND MR. BANDMANN.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

London, Sept. 26, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—

Dear Sir:—There have appeared within the last month, in the New York papers, various interviews charging Mr. Richard Mansfield with conspiring to cause the failure of an actor who came to London with the avowed purpose of forestalling Mr. Mansfield's appearance at the Lyceum Theatre. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. These interviews are quite absurd and utterly untrue, both as regards Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Henry Irving. Permit me to say that Mr. Mansfield paid not the slightest attention to the actor in question.

It is quite true that the Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., holders of the copyright of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," protected Mr. Mansfield, to whom they had sold the exclusive dramatic rights, from the "intrusion" in no way due to any interference upon the part of either Mr. Irving or Mr. Mansfield. The report circulated as to Mr. Mansfield's failure financially is sufficiently refuted by the public prints, which are open to all who can read. I am, sir, very truly yours,

E. D. PRICE.

BAD DRESSING-ROOMS AGAIN.

NEWARK, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1888.

Editor New York Mirror:—

Dear Sir:—Your magnificent expose of filthy dressing-rooms throughout the country has brought about many changes for the better, but here is one to record. Of all the theatres, from the front door to the back wall, it is certainly the most filthy of any I have ever had the misfortune to visit, and for the good of humanity and the managers I wish to warn them against the Old Opera House at Newburg.

There is a magnificent theatre here, but by some mistake we were booked at the Old Opera House. This will not take up too much space in your valuable paper, I remain, yours respectfully,

F. M. KENDRICK, Running Wild company.

The Veteran Play Publisher Talks.

Samuel French, father of T. Henry French, and head of the play publishing house of Samuel French and Son, arrived in this country from Germany by the *Aller* on Friday last.

"I have had a pleasant trip over," he said to a *Mirror* reporter, "and if my voyage back is as agreeable I shall have nothing to complain of. This is my first visit to my native country since 1883. I've come over to see my friends, take in the Broadway Theatre and a general inspection of business. I have seen the Broadway and I think in every detail it's a grand house."

"During my stay I shall visit Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Cleveland, and return by the *Aller* in November. I have brought over four or five manuscript plays with me. I have not come on business, though. I had pieces on at five theatres when I left London—Uncle and Aunts at the Comedy, Mama, an adaptation of Les Surprises du Divorce, at the Covent, and Betsy at the Criterion. One of the other two pieces is The Ticket-of-Leave Man at the Olympic. I know that play is public property here, but on the other side I have a copyright on it for forty two years."

"This is a business where a man has to wait, and if you have the best material that money can secure you are sure to be on the winning side when your opportunity comes. Some of my best successes have come after the plays have been in my safe for two or three years. Opportunity is what the playwright and the actor both must wait for, and want of opportunity kills more good plays and more great actors than anything else. My opportunity comes when the manager gets in a corner."

"At the present moment I have four well-known authors writing for me exclusively in collaboration and otherwise, and two of them I have for their next five pieces. One of their plays will be seen at the New Garrick and another at the St. James'. The first piece there will be a dramatization of a novel, the second play will be one by W. S. Gilbert, this will be followed by a posthumous piece of Sir Charles Young's, and then mine will come."

Klaw and Erlanger state that they have systematized their office business in such a manner that they have been able to transact probably more business than has ever been done by any theatrical agency in this country. Besides representing several hundred theatres, and giving entire satisfaction, they are looking after the routes of the following travelling organizations: Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Davenport, Shadows of a Great City, A Dark Secret, C. W. Coudrock, The Fugitive, Little Tycoon, J. K. Emmet, James A. Herne's Drifting Apart (Daniel Sully's Corner Grocery), Ambler's Opera company, Duff's Opera company, W. W. Tiltonson's Zig Zag, Lavinia Shannon, Prescott McLean company, Roland Red, H. H. Roberts, Maurice Barbs, S. Smith Russell, James Wainwright company, Prof. Cromwell and many others.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the leading Places of Amusement, Hotels, etc., in the cities and towns alphabetically arranged below.

ALTOONA, PA.

THE NEW ELEVENTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE.
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS OPERA HOUSE IN THE CITY.

This elegant Opera House will be built on the site of the old Opera House, under the supervision of the celebrated architect, Mr. J. M. Wood, of Chicago, and will open Oct. 1, 1888, with

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.

Stage 36 feet deep 73 feet wide and 50 feet high. Seating capacity about 1,700. First-class incandescent lights. The whole house beautifully upholstered, decorated and carpeted, and the most up-to-date folding opera chairs will be used throughout. For open time address: E. D. GRISWOLD, Manager, Or Klaw and Erlanger, Taylor's Exchange, 23 E. 14th Street, New York, Agents.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Grand Opera House. Population 15,000. Located in the center of the city; has every improvement known at the present day. Stage 36x50; 12 dressing-rooms; 10 full sets of scenery. Incandescent lights; heated or cooled by steam. Seating capacity, 1,500. First-class attractions waiting time address: C. A. DICKER & CO.

ALLIANCE, OHIO. PEOPLE'S THEATRE. Third season. Centrally located. Ground floor. Seating 450. Elevated seats. Pop. 7,000. Open dates for good attractions. G. W. SOUTHBICK, Manager.

ATTICA, OHIO. LEBOLD'S OPERA HALL. Good Show Town. Ten Seats Scenery. Rest or Share. Address C. A. MYERS, Manager.

BRISBEN, PA. BRISBEN OPERA HOUSE. Seats 800. M. J. VAN DUSEN.

BOSTON, MASS. THE CARROLLTON.

Corner Providence and Church Streets, opposite Providence Depot.

ON THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN. TABLE FIRST CLASS. SPECIAL RATES TO PROFESSIONALS. Miss M. J. DICK, Proprietress.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Population 62,000.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE. F. L. O'NEILL, - Lessee; J. F. O'NEILL, - Manager. Ready Oct. 1, 1888. Capacity, 1,600. Four private boxes. Latest improved opera chairs from Andrew & Co. Stage is 6 feet from footlights to back wall and is 50 feet wide. Six large dressing-rooms and one sitting-room all well furnished on stage floor. Scenery is all new from Norman and Lindis. House has a new orchestra, with new music. Special inducement to managers for terms and particular address at once: J. F. O'NEILL, Manager, W. W. RANDALL'S Agency, Charleston, S. C., 1207 1/2 Broadway, New York.

CAMDEN, S. C. NEW OPERA HOUSE. Seats 750. J. L. BRASINGTON, Manager.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA. ROSEDALE OPERA HOUSE. Seats 1,000. L. B. KINDLINE, Manager.

DANVILLE, VA. NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Solicits engagements for season commencing Sept. 1, 1888, and especially for Exposition Week, Nov. 2. Only theatre in the city. Recently opened. Furnished in first-class style, with latest scenery to be obtained. Latest improved chairs. First floor. Street-cars pass the door. A number one of the prettiest and best equipped opera houses in the South. NEAL & GERST, Proprietors.

DOWAGIAC, MICH. DOWAGIAC OPERA HOUSE. W. R. RYAN, - Proprietor. Seating capacity 1,000. First-class in every particular.

DATES OPEN.

F. F. PROCTOR'S OFFICIAL LIST OF THEATRES AND OPERA HOUSES. PLAYING FIRST CLASS ATTRACTIONS ONLY AT REGULAR PRICES.

F. F. PROCTOR'S 210 STREET THEATRE, New York City.

F. F. PROCTOR'S THEATRE (Late Novelty), Brooklyn, E. D.

F. F. PROCTOR'S CRITERION THEATRE, Brooklyn, W. D.

F. F. PROCTOR'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Bridgeport, Ct. Nov. 28, 29, 30.

F. F. PROCTOR'S LYNN THEATRE, Lynn, Mass. Oct. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, Nov. 1, 2, 3 and week Nov. 5.

F. F. PROCTOR'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Wilmington, Del. Dec. 13, 14.

F. F. PROCTOR'S FULTON OPERA HOUSE, Lancaster, Pa. Nov. 17, 20, Dec. 6, 7, 8.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Wilmington, Del. (Popular Prices.)

All applications for time to be addressed, MAIN OFFICE, ALBANY, N. Y.

ERIE, PA. CLAUD THEATRE.

New. Just completed—in centre of city. Ten sets of scenery. Seats 1,200. Electric lights. A first class opening attraction solicited. Address H. V. CLAUD.

GOVERNEUR, N. Y. OPERA HOUSE.

WANTED FOR FAIR DATES, Sept. 4, 5, 6, 1888, a Good Attraction. Good chances for fair dates in neighboring towns. Share or rent. Remodeled. Seats 800. L. T. STERLING, Manager.

GREENVILLE, TEXAS. CAMERON OPERA HOUSE.

Elevated floor, and seating capacity increased to 650. New carpet on stage and dressing rooms. Population, 7,000. F. NORTHROP, Manager.

HAMILTON, OHIO. MUSIC HALL.

Seats 1,200. Opera chairs; scenery full and complete. Have piano. Will rent or share. Stage 32x15. HATZFELDT & MORNER, Managers.

LEIGHTON, PA. Leighton Opera House.

Seating capacity 600. Electric lights. First-class scenery. Hall complete in all its departments—equal to city theatre. Is centre of population of 5,000 theatre-going people. DANIEL WILLARD, Prop.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y. SEYMOUR OPERA HOUSE.

Main line D. L. & W. & Erie R. R. Thirty-five miles from Rochester. Cyclone bill-board system, all on main street. Local paper adv. free. House licensed. First-class show towns, share or rent. Only one attraction a week. Seating capacity 550. Five elegant dressing-rooms and appointments. Heater. Full scenery. Do not belong to any circuit. Do not play ten-cent shows. NORMAN A. SKYMOOR, Proprietor.

MEDINA, N. Y. BENT'S OPERA HOUSE.

M. J. MARTINE, - Lessee and Manager.

WANTED.

Good Opera, Dramatic, or Minstrel company to open house between Sept. 8 and Oct. 1. Big money for party that opens. House closed since March.

Address M. J. MARTINE, Lockport, N. Y.

MEDINA, N. Y. BENT'S OPERA HOUSE.

M. J. MARTINE, - Lessee and Manager.

Population over 7,000, with drawing district of 3,000. Seats 1,000. Fine orchestra and new Fisher grand piano. Medium is THE BEST paying town on the Niagara Falls line of the N. Y. Central. Sharing only with first-class attractions. Managers of same having open time address all communications to: M. J. MARTINE, Lockport, N. Y.

NEW YORK, N. Y. 47 W. 27th Street (near Delmonico's). First-class board and rooms.

with private baths and every modern convenience, at moderate prices. Superior cuisine and attendance, every home comfort. Table d'hôte. Mrs. A. F. KRAUSS.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y. Music Hall.

Under new management. Write for open time. M. LEO ROCKWELL & CO., Managers.

PAINTED POST, N. Y. BRONSON OPERA HOUSE.

Entirely remodeled. Complete scenery. Seating capacity 600. First-class show towns. Fall season opened Sept. 22 with H. Henry's Famous Prizium Minstrel to packed house. For time address W. F. BRONSON, Mgr.

PARIS, MO. POAGE'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Elegantly Appointed. Seating Capacity, 675.

Managers of first-class attractions desiring dates communicate as above.

PADUCAH, KY. MORTON'S OPERA HOUSE.

Population 20,000; seating capacity 1,000. The finest and best equipped opera house for its size in the State. Will play nothing but first-class attractions.

Fall Jubilee Oct. 15 and 16: 1,000 strangers in town. Want good attraction for above date. Address: KLAU & EKLANKER, 23 E. 14th St., New York.

SELECT HOUSE, 150 E. 21st St. Gramercy Park privileges.

Three connecting rooms. Sumptuous table. Also prior and two single rooms. Reference, Mink & Co.

YORK, PA. YORK OPERA HOUSE.

Only theatre in city of 25,000 population. Seating capacity 1,000. Every modern stage appliance. Every thing complete. Large machine shops and mercantile interests. For terms address: H. C. PENTZ, Manager.

WASHINGTON, C. H., OHIO. Population, 7,000.

NEW OPERA HOUSE. Now booking for seasons of 1888 and 1889. Only first-class attractions wanted. SMITH & SILCOTT, Managers and Lessees.

WEST POINT, MISS. OPERA HOUSE.

West Point Rifle, Lessee. First-class attraction wanted to open this house in October. Other time open. Good show town, and within eighteen miles of Columbus, Greenville and Starkville. Address: CAPT. R. M. LEVY, 141 West Forty-second street, New York City, or West Point, Miss.

A TEST - No imposition; greatest business, spiritual medium is the well known, original Mrs. Foster.

tested by the nobility of Europe; consults on all affairs of life; re-earns past, present and future marriages, numbers, names, money, will marry; brings long separated together; succeeds where others fail. Consultations by mail or receipt of \$1 and stamp, lock of hair, date of birth; satisfaction or no pay; 50c and \$1. 410th Ave. near 24th St., New York; name on bell; also receives Sunday.

ALEX. VINCENT. Character Comedian. Comedy Old Men. Disengaged.

Address 631 Paul street, Philadelphia.

ANNIE WILLIAMS. Sourette (Formerly with Harrigan's). At Liberty.

Address 66 East 12th Street.

BOSTON COMEDY CO. H. Price Webber, manager.

Fourteenth season. Organized May 24, 1874. Permanent address, Augusta, Me., or 202 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

D. F. SIMMONS. Re-engaged with Maggie Mitchell Co. Season 1888-89.

Address No. 71 E. 13th street.

FANNY DENHAM ROUSE. As Nancy Dunks in A Legal Wreck.

Madison square Theatre.

F. R. MONTGOMERY. Character Comedian.

JENNIE KAY, singing Sourette and Boys.

GEORGIE PEARL, Child Actress and Specialty Artist. Seymour-Sirraton Co. 1888-89.

HERBERT LEONARD. Sojourning in England.

Address care Dr. Anderson, The Towers, Upton Park, Essex.

C. JAY WILLIAMS.

German Dialect Comedian
LILLIAN KEENE,
Juveniles and Sourettes.
With WE, US & CO.

HELEN SEDGWICK

SOUBRETTE.

AT LIBERTY SEASON 1888-9.

Address Mirror.

What do you think of a Speaking
Pantomime?
"I GUESS YAS!"

Geo. H. Adams

Maich Craig

Special engagements only, in New York or Boston.

Address Boston Museum.

Nelly Lyons Healy.

With MISS LAVINIA SHANNON.

Season 1888-89.

Virginia Marlowe.

MARGARET MATHER COMPANY.

Address 202 South 5th St., Brooklyn, E. D.

Edwin Strathmore.

JUVENILE ACTOR. DISENGAGED.

Address P. O. Box 337, St. Louis, Mo.

Ada Boshell.

Singing and Dancing Sourette.

Agents, or 220 W. 21st Street, New York.

Lizzie Evans.

Starting in THE LUCKEY.

C. E. CALLAHAN, Manager.

Address Havlin's Theatre, Cincinnati, O.

David R. Young.

Specialty engaged for SNORKEY.

Under the Gaslight Company.

Marie Carlyle.

Singing Sourette.

At Liberty.

Address Mirror.

WILLIAM R. HATCH.

LEADING TENOR.

Season 1887-88, Strakowich English Opera Co.

MARIE KNOWLES.

MEZZO.

Season 1887-88, Princess Arabian Nights Co.

DISENGAGED FOR 1888-89.

Permanent address, Mirror.

Grace Addison.

SINGING SOUBRETTE. ALADDIN CO.

Address 24 West 24th St.

Fred. E. Queen.

Light Comedian. Stage Manager and Instructor of

Dancing. With W. W. Tiltonson's ZIG ZAG CO.

J. G. HOWARD. Dramatic and Humorous Reader.

In-Instruction in Elocution. Address Waretown,

Ocean Co., N. J., or Mirror office.

JAMES L. CARHART. As Seth Preece in H. R.

Jacobs' Lights of London.

Season 1888-89.

KATE SINGLETON. First Old Woman and Character

Actress. At Liberty.

Address 311 East 65th street, N. Y., or Mirror.

LAURA BURT. As Fantasma, with the Hauler

Brothers. Second season.

Address en route.

LOUISE SEARLE. Disengaged.

Address Mirror.

LILLIAN DE WOLF. Leading Support with John

Murphy Season 1888-89.

Address Simmonds and Brown.

MATHILDE MULLERNACH-OSTRANDER.

Concert, Opera and Oratorio.

Address Deaver University, Deaver, Colorado.

MINNIE MASKE.

Juveniles and German Character.

Address Mirror.

MARIE GREENWOOD. Prima Donna Soprano.

Grand and Comic Opera.

Address Mirror.

MISS STELLA REES.

Open for engagement Season 1888-89.

Address Mirror.

MR. CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

Dramatic Author.

Address Mirror.

MARIE HILFORD.

Disengaged.

Address Agents or Mirror.

MARION GRAY.

Soubrette, Juvenile and Irish Comedy.

At Liberty.

Address care Mirror.

OSCAR EAGLE.

Disengaged for next season.

Address care Mirror.

ROBERT A. FISK.

Singing Comedian.

Address 51 31st St., Flat 4, Chicago, Ill.

SAMUEL J. BROWN.

Re-engaged with Robert Downing.

Season 1888-89.

THOS. E. GARRICK. JOHN M. STURGEON.

Starting.

Address 624 Locust street, St. Louis.

WILL J. JOSEY.

Utility or Juveniles. Disengaged Season '88-89.

Address N. Y. Mirror.

WILHELMINA SWANSTON.

Juveniles. Leads.

Address Mirror.

WILLIAM YERANCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence's Comb.

Postal Address, 218 William street, New York.

WILL H. MAYO.

In a Middle.

(Room 6) 10 East 14th Street, New York.

W. T. Carleton.

Proprietor and Manager

CARLETON OPERA COMPANY.

Address communications

BEN STERN, Business Manager,

En Tour.

Floy Crowell.

TIME ALL FILLED.

Per route.

SEASON - - - 1888-89

Joseph Adelman.

LEADING MAN

with

MISS FLOY CROWELL.

INGOMAR, ROMEO, FAUSTUS, ETC.

MISS

Kate Forsythe.

AT LIBERTY.

Address care Mirror.

Stephen Leach.

MANAGER

LEACH'S COMEDY COMPANY.

J. H. ALLIGER, Business Manager,

1320 Broadway, New York.

T. D. FRAWLEY.

Leading Man with Miss Clayton.

JACK DERING in THE QUICK OR THE DEAD.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Miss Adelaide Moore.

W. B. MOORE, Manager.

London address, 21 Salisbury street, Strand, W. C.

American address, P. O. Box 2904, New York.

American Representative

MAUDE BANKS.

IN DETROIT---The Free Press says:

"Her grasp of the character is remarkable and only a little less remarkable is her execution. She often thrills by her sudden bursts of tragic force, and she moves one at times by the unutterable pathos of a look. It is one of the sorrows which the stage sometimes provides, that a young girl, untried in such perilous circumstances, should be called upon to play a part which requires a power and a maturity which she does not possess. Such a power is appropriately termed genius, and to Miss Banks this power clearly belongs."

AND OF MR. BUCKLEY:

"E. J. Buckley was a gallant and handsome Melotte—quite the face and figure to win any woman, and possessing a tongue that might out-shout the crafty Richard's own. Melotte is incarnate poetry and romance. Let it be said of Mr. Buckley's expedition that it was altogether irresistible in the eyes of every fair spectator. He has the Lester Wallack genius for adorning his clothes, and what a hero he looked in his costume's uniform and his noble martial mien! The manner in which he read that Love of Comedy speech was more musical than song of bird; and the easy grace with which he dreamed bluff Colonel Dams raised him to the highest degree in the admiration of those who esteem physical prowess."

MISS BANKS, Mr. Buckley and a Strong Company IN A REPERTOIRE OF CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC PLAYS.

Academy of Music, Montreal, Oct. 8; Grand Opera House, Toronto, Oct. 15.

CHAS. E. COOK, Manager.

En route, or care KLAU & ERLANGER, 23 East 14th Street, New York City.

LELAND OPERA HOUSE. Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Rosa M. Leland, Manager
Sings and combinations during time at above house
Address Mrs. R. M. Leland,
830 Broadway, N. Y.

Special Notice—I am also the authorized agent for the following works: Janet Pride, Led Astray, How She Loves Him, Forbidden Fruit, Fanny, Flying Scud, Rides, After Dark, Hunted Down, Pearl Play, Lost at Sea, Vice Versa, Jewel, Sulam, Robert Emmet (new), Jessie Deane, Jessie Brown, Colleen Howe, The Shanghai, Arrah-na-Pogue and Fin MacCool.

MRS. R. M. LELAND

Notice to Managers.

ANNIE PIXLEY

is the exclusive owner of

M'LISS,

and that in the event of allowing any production of M'LISS in their theatre, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

ROBERT FULFORD.

NOTICE. BANDMANN.

Louise Beudet and Co.

D. E. BANDMANN, now on his ranch, will open his season about the end of November with a new play by Tom Taylor, entitled DEAD OR ALIVE. Also in repertoire: NAUCLAIR, DR. REVELL AND MR. HYDE and HAMLET. Managers having open time address

CHAS. H. KEESHIN, Manager,
Putnam House, N. Y. City.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.

SEASON 1888-89.

Her Latest and Greatest Success.

"RAY."

Time All Filled. Company Complete.

Address all communications to
WM. L. LYKENS, Manager, en route.

EDWIN ARDEN.

EN ROUTE IN

BARRED OUT

A GRAND SUCCESS.

Season of 1887-8.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD.

At the

Lyceum Theatre, London,
Commencing Sept. 3.

Under the management of E. D. PRICE.

Seventh Season

J. C. STEWART'S

TWO JOHNS

COMEDY COMPANY.

Better than ever. Best money attraction now travelling.

Time all Filled.

Address A. Q. SCAMMON, Manager.

THE RESORT OF THE PROFESSION

EUGENE BREHM.

20 Union Square, New York.

The choicest refreshments always on hand.

ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC.

COPYING.

MRS. H. A. RICHARDSON.

THEATRICAL COPYIST AND TYPE-WRITER.

37 East 10th Street (bet. B'way and 4th ave.)

C. R. GARDINER, Proprietor.

HE, SHE, HIM AND HER.

ZOZO, THE MAGIC QUEEN.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (re-written).

FATE by Bartley Campbell.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART (re-written).

MORIARTY THE CORPSE.

THE REGENT'S DIAMOND.

Part Owner and Manager Clay M. Greene's version of

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Capt. Thompson's version, as played last Summer in

Chicago. Address, Minnetrista Mansion, Noroton, Ct.

Production will follow unauthorized productions of

any the above plays.

George H. Rareshide.

LIGHT COMEDY, JUVENILES, and SINGING.

Season 1887-8-9 with Newton Berry, Lost in London

Co. Address Minnetrista.

Charles H. Vale,

MANAGER

WM. J. GILMORE'S

Grand Legendary Spectacle,

—THE—

Twelve Temptations.

All communications address

Care Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEASON 1888-89

Edwin F. Mayo.

SILVER AGE

AND

DAVY CROCKETT.



For open time after Nov. 12 address care KANDALL,
1507 Broadway, New York.

DOBLIN, Tailor.

854 BROADWAY,

(Morton House).

Only the VERY FINEST TAILORING at MOD-

ERATE PRICES, for CASH, the INVARIABLE

RULE.

Ladies' Jackets and Liveries.

M. HERRMANN,

THEATRICAL AND

BALL COSTUMES,

145 FOURTH AVENUE,

NEW YORK.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS A SPECIALTY.

Out-of-town Amateur Dramatic Societies, Churches

etc., guaranteed entire satisfaction.

Ladies and gentlemen of the Theatrical Profession

will do well to have our estimate before going elsewhere.

F. ROEMER,

The Largest Historical

Costumer and Armorer

IN AMERICA.

Also Costumer for all the Principal Theatres.

Fifth Avenue Theatre, Grand Opera House,

Star Theatre, Madison Square Theatre, New

Park Theatre, Niblo's Garden Theatre, Peo-

ple's Theatre, Fourteenth Street Theatre,

New Windsor Theatre.

No. 129 Fourth Avenue,

bet. 12th and 13th streets. NEW YORK.

HAWTHORNE

COSTUMER.

4 East 20th Street, New York

Silk and Worsted Tights and Shirts.

Defy competition in price, style or workmanship. Managers

and the profession generally will find it to their interest

to get estimates from this old and reliable house. New

wardrobes made up either for sale or hire. The largest

stock of Armors, Theatrical and Operatic costumes in the

United States always on hand. Out-of-town trade spe-

cially solicited.

GOODS SENT EVERYWHERE C. O. D.

Send for Catalogue.

BATONS GRIMES.

(GREASE PAINTS.)

Maison Dore, 27 Rue Grenier, St. Lazare, Paris.

Fards, Rouges and Blanc, pour Ville et Theatre.

An Improved Article, agreeably perfumed and harmless.

Gaiety Theatre, April 1, 1887.

I made a trial of Dore's Grease Paints you had the

kindness to send me for sample and I hasten to express

you my entire satisfaction. By popularizing this article

you will do a good service to the artists who suffer so

much from the pernicious matters which form the ele-

ment of the paints used until now.

ALEXANDRE (Baritone).

Wholesale Agents, 56-58 Murray St

CALL.

The ladies and gentlemen engaged to support

HARRY LACY

THE STILL ALARM.

Will assemble for rehearsal at GLOBE THEATRE,
BOSTON, Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10 o'clock.

LACY & ARTHUR.

American Academy

of the

DRAMATIC ARTS.

(Formerly NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ACTING AND

LYCEUM THEATRE SCHOOL.)

FACULTY:

FRANKLIN H. SARANT, Associate Directors.

HENRY C. DE MILLE, "Dramatic Action."

FRED. WILLIAMS, "Stage Business"

ELLA M. GEORGIN, "Pantomime"

FRANCOIS DE CH. DENEIDES, Fenc

ARTURO NOVISSIMO, Dancing.

WILL. C. BUCKLAND, "M

DAVID BELASCO, Instructor in Special Rehearsals

For information, etc., apply to

B. F. KOEDER, Secretary,
Lyceum Theatre Building, N. Y. City.

OPEN DATES.

Grand Opera House.

WHEELING, W. VA.

October 22, Week,

November 5, Week.

O. C. GENTHER, Manager

OPEN TIME--Detroit Op. House.

WEEKS OF OCT. 20, NOV. 10 and JAN. 14

NIGHTS OF OCT. 21, 22, FEB. 4, 5, 6, MARCH 20,

21, 22 and 23

Only first class Standard Attractions Apply.

Also Open a HAMILTON, ONT., weeks in Novem-

ber, January and February. Apply to

C. J. WHITNEY, Detroit, Mich.

ATLANTIC GARDEN

SEDALIA, MO.

CHAS. W. LYON, Manager

Will open as a Summer Theatre Monday, June 3,

1889. Located in heart of the city. Pleasant appoint-

ments. Commodious and well furnished stage. Will be

boomed as a new resort. Attractions desiring pos-

sible week stands apply to CHAS. W. LYON, Sedalia, Mo.

America's Brilliant Young Tragedian,

ROBERT DOWNING,

Under the personal management of

Mr. JOSEPH H. MACK,

in the

Grandest Production Ever Given

of

Spartacus the Gladiator

Also productions of

Julius Caesar, Othello, Ingomar, St. Marc.

Chas. L. Andrews.

MANAGER

MICHAEL STROGOFF CO.

O'Kane Hillis.

The Talented Young Actor,

As MICHAEL STROGOFF.

Address all communications en route

DAVENPORT.

LA TOSCA.

SEASON 1888-89.

Managers for

MISS DAVENPORT,

KLAU & ERLANGER, 23 East 14th Street, New York.

Miss E. V. Sheridan.

LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON, ENGLAND,

With Richard Mansfield's Co.

Frank L. Davis.

JOHN BIDDLECOMB.

Marie Dudley.

RUTH CLIEFDEN.

ALONE IN LONDON, 1888-89.

Kittie Rhoades.

in

MAY BLOSSOM.

By permission of Gustave Frohman.

Address W. R. WARD, 14 Hoffman St., Auburn, N. Y.

Mark Lynch.

Season 1888-89.

THE STOWAWAY CO.

Address MIRROR.

Verner Clarges.

At Liberty until September.

Next Season with MISS COGHLAN.

Address care N. Y. Managers' Exchange, 1103 Broad-

way, or Simmonds and Brown.

Frederick W. Bert.

MANAGER

Herne's Hearts of Oak.

SEASON 1888-89.

Address 23 East 14th Street, N. Y. City.

Laura Booth

As LAURA COURTLAND;

Walter B. Woodall

As RAY TRAFFORD

In UNDER THE GASLIGHT.

At Liberty Oct. 28.

CHAS.

ERIN

As artist by nature, endowed with an unusual amount of talent; superior to the majority and the peer of the best, better calculated to please and captivate an audience than any other actor now before the public. Correct in his conceptions and faultless in his impersonations, the role under his skillful treatment grows and grows until it becomes a poem of real life, and when the curtain falls the creation is so complete that one must be reminded of the fact that this man was acting and not living the part.

VERNER

Mr. Verner's conception of Shamus O'Brien is a perfect specimen of manly beauty. His faculty for causing laughter is only equalled by his ability for melting an audience into tears. His play, although bearing an Irish title is far superior to the common run of such, where the Irishman is made a drunken, boisterous buffoon, without manners or means. Not so in Verner's version of SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

THERE IS ONLY ONE VERNER.

And with pride I proclaim him the greatest representative of true Irish character in the world. Playing under my sole management, at high priced theatre only, to tremendous business. Managers desiring to secure the strongest legitimate drawing attraction on the road, address Yours, sincerely,

T. H. WINNETT 50 Union Square, New York.

BUSINESS!

Opera House Managers' Protective Association of Nebraska and Adjoining States.

Comprising a good paying circuit of the best show towns in Nebraska, Iowa and Northern Kansas, being specially selected for short railroad jumps. No booking fees of any description. Good terms to good attractions. The only organized circuit in the West that can give from ONE TO FOUR MONTHS TIME, as follows: Forty two nights of one and two-night stands to Opera Companies; Thirty three nights of one and two night stands to Minstrel and Specialty Companies; Thirty three nights of one and two night stands